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THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

For life, noise, dust, red-hot party faction,
Give me an election's fierce distraction.
CONGREVE.

As far as the Gregsons were concerned, The Folly *fete* had answered its purpose. Miss Lavinia had, by the aid of her blushes and reputed wealth, entirely succeeded in interesting the Marquis Lantry, who was heard to declare that she was a "deuced fine girl, and quite fit to sit at the bottom of any gentleman's table." That from the Marquis was wondrously refined admiration. Miss Bella, too, had made a decided conquest of the fair-haired boy-lord, who, when calling the next day, had ventured to invite her for a ride, and during it plunged far enough into gallantry to transport the handsome and ambitious Bella to the seventh heaven. Mr. Gregson had got himself recognized by the county, and secured—as he had hoped—a flowery description in the local papers, and Master Tom had drunk unlimited champagne, danced with Maud twice, and sold a chestnut-cob—rather weak on his fore-legs—to Lord Cornthwaite for double its value. As for Mrs. Gregson, she had been hob-and-nob with titled ladies to her heart's desire, and so one and all of the family were satisfied.

Of course there was a grain of bitterness in the news of Lord Crownbrilliant's engagement to Miss Lawley, which his lordship told them himself with a great deal of stammering and much circumlocution; but the young ladies hoped for consolation and took the news pretty amiably, gushingly assuring his lordship that Miss Lawley was a "dear girl," and that they always did think she had a tender feeling for a certain person, whereat the certain person "he! he-ed!" idiotically and took his leave—the Misses Gregson as soon as the door was banged breaking out into a chorus of "The designing creature—I knew she'd catch him!" quite oblivious of the fact that they had spent no little time or few pains themselves in angling for his lordship.

Mr. Gregson growled not a little the next morning when he walked round his grounds and saw the ravages the workmen and artificial grottoes had made in his flower-beds and lawn, and grumbled a great deal when he wrote the "small" check which was to satisfy the army of upholsterers, musicians, actors, and others who had helped to make the "confounded nonsense" a success.

"Don't ask me to make an idiot of myself another time," he growled while at dinner. "I've been caught once; don't expect me to do it again."

"But the girls, my dear," remarked Mrs. Gregson meekly.

Whereupon Mr. Gregson confounded the girls, and declared that if they couldn't catch their grand fish without so much golden bait they might go without them. In the evening of the second day after the fete Mr. Tom Gregson burst into the drawing-room with the intelligence that Mr. Townley, the Member for Annsleigh, had just died.

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Mr. Gregson. "Where did you hear it from?" asked his father.

"Stopped a messenger rushing up to the Hall with it," replied Tom, rather surlily, not relishing the suspicious tone of his father's question. "There will be pretty doings now," he added. "The seat's vacant."

"Of course it is," snapped Mr. Gregson. "You don't suppose a dead man can fill it? Here, Thomas," shouting to a servant, "put the cob in the dog-cart, and tell James I want him to drive me to the station."

"What for, papa?" said Miss Lavinia.

"To telegraph," replied Mr. Gregson, hurrying from the room.

"I could have told the governor that the news was already telegraphed," said Mr. Tom with a grin, "but he'd have directly asked me how I knew."

Mr. Tom Gregson was quite right; the news had already been telegraphed to the head of the Government and the leader of the Opposition, and both were already forming their plans for getting the vacant seat.

"We must have a Liberal in," said Lord Foley, the liberal whip to the premier. "Shall we send Harber down? He wants a seat, and we owe him something, or get Gregson, the Manchester man, to stand?"

"Much influence?" asked the Liberal chief curtly.

"Well, pretty fair. He has more, of course, than a stranger would have."

"Better write or send Parker, the agent, down, then," said the premier.

Almost at the same moment a conference was going on between the leader of the Opposition and his confreres.

"We must not lose the seat," said he, shaking his head; "they have too large a majority as it is. Who is there to send down?"

Several were mentioned as eligible candidates, of course all staunch Tories; but Mr. Chester, the leader, shook his head.

"No, no—won't do. Let me see. Sir Fielding Chichester is the man for the place—very popular, eh? Write and ask him to put up for it."

"Too old," suggested the Tory whip.

"Yes, that's true," answered his leader. "Let me see," a favorite expression of the honorable gentleman. "Hasn't he a son, a Mr. Charles or Chudleigh Chichester?"

"Chudleigh."

"I thought so. Name him. Explain the situation, and I declare that it calls for him."

So that it came to pass that the morning express carried two parliamentary agents down to Grassmere—one to Sir Fielding Chichester from the Tory side, asking him to put forward his son, and one to William Gregson, Esq., of The Folly, Grassmere, to request him to stand for the Liberal interest.

"Chudleigh," said Sir Fielding, "read that."

Chudleigh read and returned the letter, looking neither delighted nor surprised. It needed more than an offer of a chance for the seat of Annsleigh to dispel the gloom of his spirits.

"Well?" said Sir Fielding, whose cheeks were flushed, and he was looking particularly well and happy.

"Well, sir," said Chudleigh, "what do you wish me to do?"

"I—I don't know," said Sir Fielding. "It is a great honor, some would say a great piece of luck—the second this week, dear Chud.," he added significantly, glancing at the ornamental iron safe which held the wherewithal to clear off the Hall mortgage.

Chudleigh flushed.

"You wish me to stand, sir?"

"I think so," said Sir Fielding, hesitating, his usual irresolute look wrinkling his forehead. "What do you say, Maud?"

"Ah, let us ask Maudie?" said Chudleigh, laying his hand upon her arm.

"You haven't told me yet what the honor is you seem to hesitate so in accepting," said Maud, with her sweet smile, returning Chudleigh's caress by stroking his hand.

"Mr. Chester, or rather the Tory whip, has written to ask Chudleigh to stand for Annsleigh," said Sir Fielding.

"A member of parliament!" said Maud, womanlike, jumping to the conclusion that no one could do anything else than vote for her brother.

"Not quite," said Chudleigh. "I may not be returned, supposing I stand for it."

"Ah, hem, yes," said Sir Fielding meditatively, thinking, though he did not like to say so, that the heir to Chichester Hall stood a good chance. "Dear me, dear me," he continued, "to think that Townley, whom I knew at Eton, poring over his Virgil, should be lying dead, and my son asked to take his place—not over Virgil—but in the House! It reminds me that I cannot be far from that last parliament——"

"Papa!" exclaimed Maud, the tears springing to her eyes, while Chudleigh said:

"You are many years younger than Mr. Townley, sir."

"A few, a few," murmured Sir Fielding. "I remember —— But about the seat, Chud.—about the seat. What will you do?"

"Whatever you choose, sir," said Chudleigh indifferently and dutifully.

"But I don't choose—I never can," said Sir Fielding, getting worried. "I should like to see you in parliament."

"Then get in, dear Chud.," whispered Maud; and Chudleigh, rising, said, with an air of decision:

"Then I think I will stand, sir. What time does the letter say Mr. Jones, the agent, may be expected?"

"By the—the —— Look, Maud, my dear; my eyes ——"

"The express, Chud.," said Maud.

"I will send the brougham for him," said Chudleigh, and left the room to make the first move in the game which he and Mr. Gregson were to play.

* * * * *

Directly Mr. Jones had received Chudleigh's affirmative reply to the letter asking him to stand for Annsleigh, he requisitioned a light dog-cart and a couple of the fastest hacks, one to use and the other to be kept ready, and drove off at a breakneck pace for the printers, the result of which visit appeared in the evening in the shape of a thousand yellow placards, posted through Grassmere, Annsleigh, and Warrington, setting forth Mr. Chudleigh Chichester's parliamentary address and requesting the votes of the loyal and independent voters of the borough.

No sooner were the yellow bills displayed than they were covered by larger and more flaming placards of a cerulean hue, containing Mr. William Gregson's address to the free and independent voters, and before ten o'clock yet another bill, this time of a brilliant crimson, was flashing from every available spot, declaring that Gideon Giles, the laborer's friend, offered himself as the workingman's Republican candidate to the free, independent and patriotic voters.

Sir Fielding Chichester, when the news of the two rivalships was brought to him, was first astounded, then enraged—more enraged than he had ever been in his life before.

"What!" he said, his mild voice raised to a high pitch of indignation. "Mr. Gregson the Government candidate! Is it possible?—and—and Gideon?—what did you say the fellow's name was, Mr. Jones?—Giles? Gideon Giles, a Radical—red Republican! Chudleigh, it's an insult. You must win; you shall, if it ruins me. I will show them that a Tory can be patriotic, and ruin himself to prevent a Radical or a Liberal gaining a seat he has proclaimed for!"

"My dear Sir Fielding!" exclaimed Mr. Jones in an ecstasy, "if you will only talk like that on the hustings, the seat is ours. Glorious!"

Chudleigh only smiled. Sir Fielding paced the library, book in hand.

"Where is Maud?" he said.

"In her room with her maid, giving instructions for the making of several thousand rosettes and streamers," said Chudleigh wearily.

"Tell—yes, tell her I want her," said Sir Fielding.

Chudleigh went up the huge staircase and returned with Maud, who looked surprised at the sight of the angry expression on her father's usually placid face.

"Do you want me, papa?" she said.

"Yes, Maud," he replied. "Here have these Gregson people abused our—our kindness, by opposing Chudleigh's election! Mr. Gregson has put up for the borough."

"O papa!" said Maud sorrowfully, perceiving what was going to happen.

"It is astounding," said Sir Fielding. "Of course, Maudie, from this time you must have nothing to say to them. I will not brook such an insult."

"But, papa," murmured Maud, her gentle spirit reluctant to obey.

"There, there; go and make your ribbons, my darling, and mind what I say. We must not recognize these Gregsons from to-night."

Maud went away sorrowfully, already regretting that she had helped to influence Chudleigh in accepting the Tory offer, and finding half her pleasure in constructing yellow rosettes vanished.

Meanwhile confusion and excitement reigned rampant in the Gregson household. The head thereof was storming away in his study with Mr. Parker, the agent, and a select committee of the more respectable portion of Warrington, and the Liberals of Annsleigh and Grassmere. The drawing-room was filled with blue ribbon and blue banners and flags. In the stables the carriages were being decorated with the same colors, and all about the hall lay scattered broadsides and placards. The girls were half-pleased, half-doubtful—indeed, the latter feeling predominated, and, backed by their brother, they had ventured upon a remonstrance with their father, but he had quickly silenced them with a curt request that they would mind their own business. Tom was troubled; for he guessed that Sir Fielding would be annoyed at his father's opposition to Chudleigh, and dreaded that the family communications between Folly and Hall would be cut off. And rather than lose his talks and walks with Maud, whom he loved to desperation, poor Tom would have been delighted for his father to lose a hundred seats; therefore he anathematized the whole business and returned to the stables with his hands thrust into the depths of his tight pockets, and an emphatic declaration, in reply to a request from his father that he would join the committee, that he would have nothing to do with the stupid affair.

On the morrow Sir Fielding drove Maud and Chudleigh through the village and Annsleigh with yellow rosettes on their horses' heads and a yellow streamer at the men's buttonholes. Mr. Jones had already dashed away in the dog-cart to form the committee, and had begged Sir Fielding to "show himself."

"Where are we going, papa?" asked Maud when they had reached the end of Annsleigh, and had bowed to a volley of cheering from a group of Tories assembled at the "King's Head," the "Yellow" house.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Sir Fielding, with rather a bewildered air.

"Let us go to Aunt Mildred's," said Maud. "Do, papa; see, here is quite a crowd of people coming," and she flushed with nervous agitation.

"Very well," said Sir Fielding, bowing to the cheering and cries of "Mr. Chichester for ever!" "Up with the Yellow and down with the Blue!" "Very well."

"Drop me here, sir," said Chudleigh, flushing slightly. "I promised to meet Mr. Jones and the committee."

And he leapt to the ground. Sir Fielding turned the horses' heads in the direction of the Cottage. No sooner had he done so than Mr. Gregson's heavily-plated barouche dashed up, and the occupants, Mr. Gregson and the two girls, bowed and smiled. Sir Fielding's face grew stern and proud, and Maud's crimsoned. Neither acknowledged the salute of the Gregsons.

Mr. Gregson flushed angrily.

"Ah!" he said. "Sir Fielding's going to play the 'igh and 'aughty. Just like a Tory. Well, I'll show him I can beat 'em at their own game."

And he leant back in the gaudy equipage with the air of an emperor.

The "Blue Goat" was the Liberal headquarters. There a large crowd of free-and-independents had collected to welcome their wealthy candidate. Farther on, at the "Pig and Whistle" in Warrington, a mob of factory hands and roughs were yelling round a short, thick-set cobbler, Mr. Gideon Giles, who was assuring them that liberty, equality and fraternity were the key words of human happiness, and that a workingman's republic was the only thing to save England from slavery and ruin. Mr. Gideon Giles' oratory was fervid and somewhat roughly eloquent, but not altogether lucid. Sir Fielding on arriving at Lady Mildred's found Lord Crownbrilliants seated in the drawing-room with Carlotta, and was greeted by his lordship with a delicate shake of the hand and the assurance that the Tawies would be sure to win.

"You are on Mr. Chichester's committee, are you not?" said Carlotta, turning her face, as she spoke, towards Maud.

"Eh? N-no—I'm not," said Lord Crownbrilliants, fixing his eyes with an anxious glance at the averted face, as if longing to discover if his beautiful mistress wished him to be.

"Oh," said Carlotta, raising her eyebrows. "I thought you were."

"Not yet," said Lord Crownbrilliants, reading her look rightly. "But I'm going to be if Mr. Chi-Chichester will have me! He! he!"

"Only too honored, my lord," said Sir Fielding, bowing. "I will lose no time in informing Chudleigh of your kindness."

"Dear Chudleigh will have to fight very hard, so they tell me," said Maud to Carlotta.

"Will he?" asked Carlotta eagerly. "Is there any possibility of his losing?"

"Oh, great," said Maud. "The Liberals are very strong—at least, I think I heard papa say so. I'm afraid to speak, for I do not understand it one half, and the Radicals—Mr. Gideon Giles' party, you know—are not at all to be laughed at."

Carlotta's eyes, which had been lowered while Maud had been speaking, raised themselves with a sudden flash that surprised her gentle companion.

"He must win!" she murmured.

"He will if all his friends help him, he says," said Maud. "Ah, here is aunt."

The story had to be given over again.

"What can I do?" said Lady Mildred, all on fire. "Can I go and get votes, or what ——"

Sir Fielding smiled.

"I don't know."

Carlotta from her nook on the sofa said, with a tone of well-bred interest:

"Might we not drive into the town with the yellow colors, Sir Fielding?"

"The very thing!" he exclaimed. "How thoughtful you are, my dear Carlotta! I'll order the carriage at once, and tell Walker to make some rosettes."

Carlotta rose with a well-assumed air of languor.

"I thought you would want some," she said, "so I told her to do some up last night, and I have made a few myself."

"First water!" exclaimed Lord Crownbrilliants. "Come along, Sir Fielding; we'll put some on my cawiage. By Jove! I'll have every c-cart in the neighborhood decowated!"

* * * * * * *

"Papa, I cannot understand Carlotta," said Maud thoughtfully as they drove off.

"Nor I," said Sir Fielding. "She is a strange girl—most mysterious—but she has set her heart on Chudleigh winning his election. I can see that."

Sir Fielding spoke the truth.

CHAPTER XXV.

Coming events cast their shadows before.
CAMPBELL.

Each day the excitement grew more intense, the streets were thronged with Yellows, Reds and Blues playing most awful bands and shouting with terrific discordance. Occasionally there would be a collision and a general scrimmage, which added to the interest and hurt very few if anyone. Chudleigh's party, composed of the *creme de la creme* of the neighborhood, grew steadily, but Mr. Gregson's grew also, and the Roughs, as the Tories called Mr. Gideon Giles' party, did not decrease. Every evening "The Pig and Whistle" was crowded with dirty-looking men and burly operatives, who listened with upturned, grimy faces to the oratory of their candidate or his backers. Mr. Gideon Giles on the platform was an opponent not altogether to be despised, as Chudleigh knew, although Sir Fielding treated him and his pretensions to the seat with well-bred scorn.

"They tell me that he speaks remarkably well—at least, with tremendous force," said Chudleigh one day in committee. "I should like to hear him exceedingly."

Mr. Howard laughed.

"Would you?" he said; "so should I. It would be awfully amusing."

"And disgusting," said Sir Fielding, mildly.

"Yes—and disgusting, I dare say," said Lord Cornthwaite.

"I tell you what would be a good idea," exclaimed Mr. Jones. "Get one of his speeches reported, with false 'h's' and notes of ridicule at the end of the sentences, in *The Yellow Banner*. We could copy it and circulate it amongst the Liberals. They're rather taken with the Red principles, but cannot stand ridicule."

"Good," said Chudleigh; "that is, if he uses improper 'h's' and says anything ridiculous."

"Oh, does he not?" said Mr. Jones sarcastically. "Go and hear him, Mr. Chichester."

"I will," said Chudleigh.

"And I'll go with you," said Mr. Howard.

So it was arranged that the two, muffled up in workmen's jackets, should penetrate the enemy's camp.

Of course there was a good deal of opposition to the resolution, or "rash freak," from some of the committee, but Chudleigh's "I will," unlike Sir Fielding's, could never be turned into "I won't."

"Have you heard that Lantry and young Lord Goldburn have joined Gregson's committee?" said Mr. Jones.

"Yes," said Sir Fielding. "I am surprised."

"The young ladies have done it," sighed the parliamentary agent. "Women win elections."

The room at "The Pig and Whistle" was crammed as usual when Chudleigh and the Honorable Mr. Howard, clad in workmen's garb, pushed their way into it, and Mr. Giles was on his feet.

"Fellow-workmen," commenced the Republican candidate, hoisting one red hand above his greasy shock-head. "I will not detain you many minutes to-night, and only rise to ask you to keep united in the great struggle that is going on between the noble workingman and the bloated aristocrat. Unity is strength, my brothers, and only by standing together shall we crush the head of the snake that has so long ground the workingman beneath his heel! Remember your many wrongs and your rights. Stand out against the first, and stick to it for the last. The aristocrats have too long crushed the glorious workingman beneath their bloated institutions. We don't want institutions—we want liberty. We don't want a monarch who sucks our blood and deprives our children of bread to support a hindolent man's hofispring on the proceeds of the workingman's honest sweat. We don't want a corrupt court and an hoverseeing royalty to spend our money and tax our labor. We don't want an haffete government to play fair into the hands of dissolute aristocracy and false to the interests of the workingman. Don't believe in promises, my brethern. Promises aint a reduction of the taxes, aint a cheap loaf, aint protection for the working classes. Promises are only misleading us all on the road leadin' to roolin!"

Here the speaker stopped to wipe the perspiration from his face, which certainly deserved the epithet which he had hurled at the aristocrats so freely, and, tugging at his greasy shock, rolled off again:

"Brethren, as I said before, unity is strength. Go together to the poll—go, taking 'liberty! equality! fraternity!' for your war-cry, and establish the holy and noble Republic! England is fast rushing down to the habyss of ruin! Britons are gradually becoming slaves! Will you be dashed on the rocks of political destruction? Will you be slaves? No, a thousand times no! Cry it with the tongue of the hark angel Gabriel—no! no!"

The crowd, catching at the cry, shouted with stentorian lungs: "No! no!" and some one yelling out "Liberty! Fraternity! Equality!" the men gave that too.

Chudleigh was all aflame. A born aristocrat, he could afford to treat the balderdash flung at his order with smiling contempt; but when the oily-headed ruffian commenced to attack the throne his blood was up, and, looking round at the brawny, honest, simple faces in the dense throng, he felt a strange longing to shout out a plain denial to the rot the idiot had been ranting, and point out to the honest part of the listeners the humbug of the whole speech. So great became the longing that he found it irresistible, and, whispering to the Honorable Howard to keep quiet, he pushed his way vigorously through the throng, and, before anyone could prevent him, leapt upon the platform. The hum and buzz of the voices ceased at once, and the faces upturned questioningly, while several voices shouted out:

"Who is it?"

"A friend!" cried Chudleigh, raising his hand to command silence. "A friend too true to stand still and hear his fellow-men—his brothers—imposed upon. Gentlemen"—the word told upon them and stilled the murmur of age that was rising—"gentlemen, I claim your indulgence for one minute. I, with you, have listened to Mr. Gideon Giles' speech, and listened attentively, and I declare his assertions to be false, and his politics humbug. He is no friend to the workingman who would advise him to exchange good for bad, or ill for worse. That is what Mr. Giles wishes you to do. There was a time when the man who dared to throw mud at Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen—a good Queen, gentlemen, whom I believe all of you in your secret hearts reverence and respect—I say there was a time when a man reviling the Queen as Mr. Giles has done would have had his vile mud thrust down his own throat—aye, and by workingmen too. But things are altered, and for the worse, when workingmen, honest and true, turn their voices—not their hearts, mind you—against the Queen and the State which has cherished, raised and protected them, at the beck and call of a fellow who by his very speech proves himself neither an honest nor a working man."

Here a thousand yells broke upon the air, forced from the throats of the roughs who composed Mr. Giles' committee and the disreputable portion of the crowd, which, we are sorry to say, were greatly in the majority. But Chudleigh, not a whit discouraged, raised his hand, and, shouting now, continued:

"You know whether I am speaking the truth or speaking falsely. Look back upon the past history of labor, compare wages, time, and the laws framed for the special benefit of the workingman by the very aristocrats you have heard maligned, and tell me if there is one of you who will vote for the man that declares England a ruin and the workingman a slave."

Here the uproar became so intense—what with the yelling and shouting and the cheering and "Go on"-ing—that Chudleigh was compelled to stop, and the next instant a dozen of Mr. Giles' lambs, headed by that gentleman himself, leapt upon the platform.

"Workingmen! workingmen!" yelled the Republican, "a traitor is in the camp! This is Mr. Chudleigh Chichester, the bloated aristocrat's candidate!"

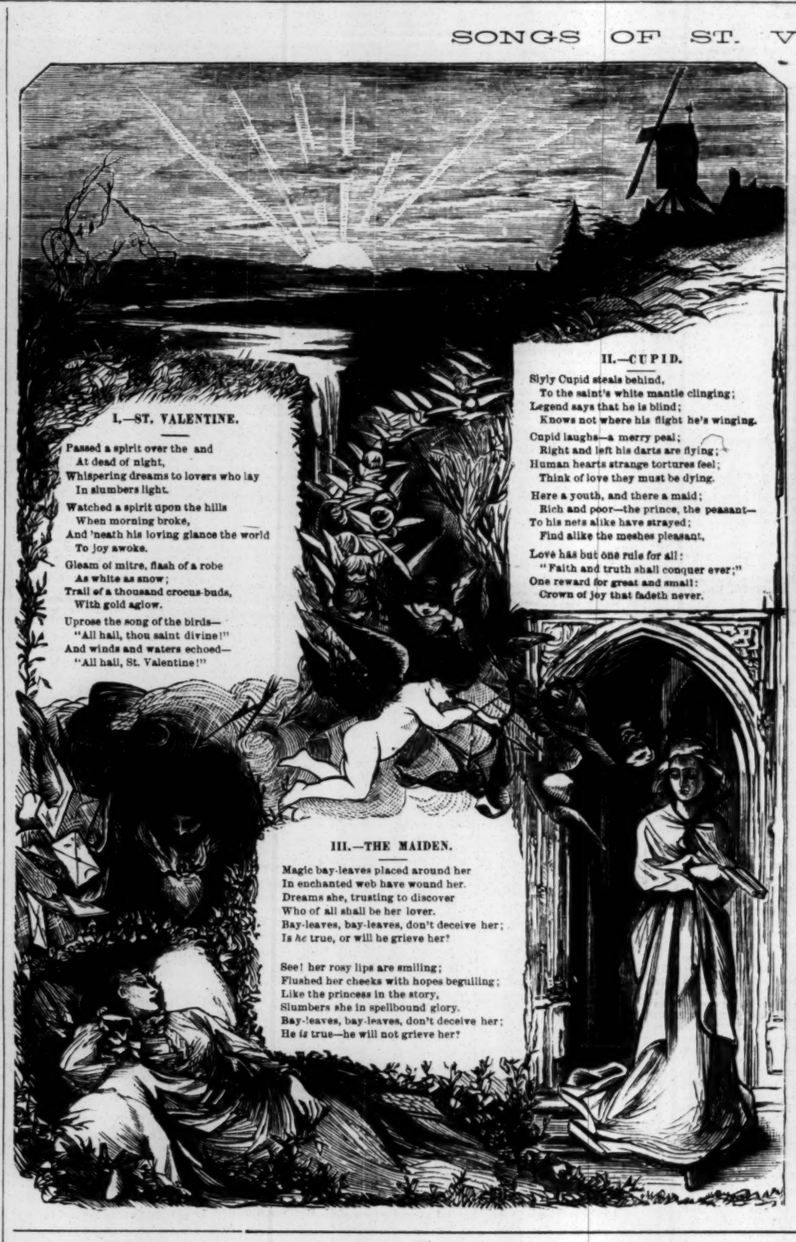
"Down with him! A traitor! Down with him!" yelled the roughs, and a rush was made upon Chudleigh, who flinging off his jacket, jumped upon a chair and tried to make himself heard,

Finding it in vain, he next seized the chair in his strong hands, and, looking as if he meant it, declared he would knock the first man down who came within reach. There was a pause. Another form, Mr. Howard's, placed itself beside Chudleigh. Then came the final rush. Both were knocked to the ground and would have been crushed to death with a Babel of sound ringing in their ears, but at the moment they gave way a tremendous figure burst through the murderous mass, mowing its way with the stock-end of a heavy gun, and, like a giant, breaking down all before it, cleared a space for the two gasping men; then, crying with a stentorian shout: "Follow me!" forced a passage into the open air, leaving the men knocked about and powerless to avenge from the very rapidity of the feat.

"Mr. Durant," said Chudleigh, wiping the blood from his battered lips as the three leapt into a dog-cart waiting in the road, "we owe you our lives!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

SONGS OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



I.—ST. VALENTINE.

Passed a spirit over the and
At dead of night,
Whispering dreams to lovers who lay
In slumbers light.

Watched a spirit upon the hills
When morning broke,
And 'neath his loving glance the world
To joy awoke.

Gleam of mitre, flash of a robe
As white as snow;
Trail of a thousand crocus-buds,
With gold aglow.

Uprose the song of the birds—
"All hail, thou saint divine!"
And winds and waters echoed—
"All hail, St. Valentine!"

II.—CUPID.

Slyly Cupid steals behind,
To the saint's white mantle clinging;
Legend says that he is blind;
Knows not where his flight he's winging.

Cupid laughs—a merry peal;
Right and left his darts are flying;
Human hearts strange tortures feel;
Think of love they must be dying.

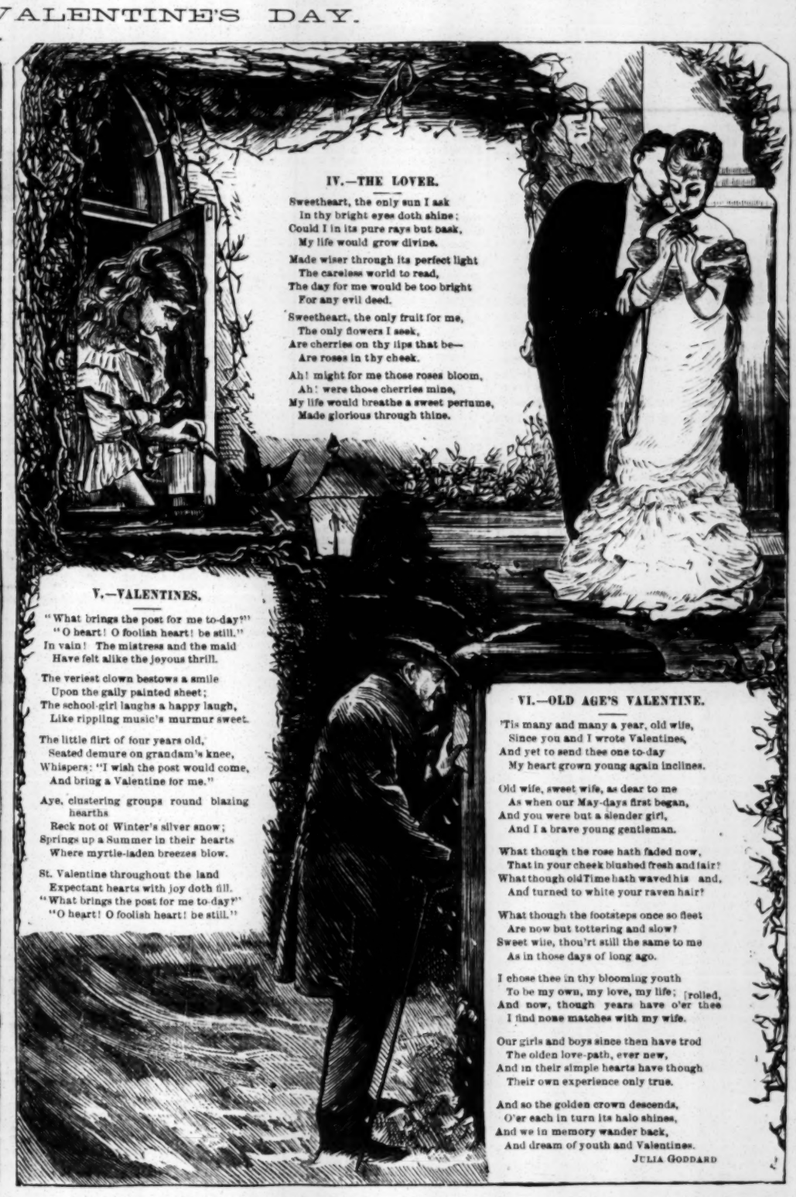
Here a youth, and there a maid;
Rich and poor—the prince, the peasant—
To his nets alike have strayed;
Find alike the meshes pleasant.

Love has but one rule for all:
"Faith and truth shall conquer ever;"
One reward for great and small:
Crown of joy that fadeth never.

III.—THE MAIDEN.

Magic bay-leaves placed around her
In enchanted web have wound her.
Dreams she, trusting to discover
Who of all shall be her lover.
Bay-leaves, bay-leaves, don't deceive her;
Is *he* true, or will he grieve her?

See! her rosy lips are smiling;
Flushed her cheeks with hopes beguiling;
Like the princess in the story,
Slumbers she in spellbound glory.
Bay-leaves, bay-leaves, don't deceive her;
He *is* true—he will not grieve her!



IV.—THE LOVER.

Sweetheart, the only sun I ask
In thy bright eyes doth shine;
Could I in its pure rays but bask,
My life would grow divine.

Made wiser through its perfect light
The careless world to read,
The day for me would be too bright
For any evil deed.

Sweetheart, the only fruit for me,
The only flowers I seek,
Are cherries on thy lips that be—
Are roses in thy cheek.

Ah! might for me those roses bloom,
Ah! were those cherries mine,
My life would breathe a sweet perfume,
Made glorious through thine.

V.—VALENTINES.

"What brings the post for me to-day?"
"O heart! O foolish heart! be still."
In vain! The mistress and the maid
Have felt alike the joyous thrill.

The veriest clown bestows a smile
Upon the gaily painted sheet;
The school-girl laughs a happy laugh,
Like rippling music's murmur sweet.

The little flirt of four years old,
Seated demure on grandam's knee,
Whispers: "I wish the post would come,
And bring a Valentine for me."

Aye, clustering groups round blazing hearths
Reck not of Winter's silver snow;
Springs up a Summer in their hearts
Where myrtle-laden breezes blow.

St. Valentine throughout the land
Expectant hearts with joy doth fill.
"What brings the post for me to-day?"
"O heart! O foolish heart! be still."

VI.—OLD AGE'S VALENTINE.

'Tis many and many a year, old wife,
Since you and I wrote Valentines,
And yet to send thee one to-day
My heart grown young again inclines.

Old wife, sweet wife, as dear to me
As when our May-days first began,
And you were but a slender girl,
And I a brave young gentleman.

What though the rose hath faded now,
That in your cheek blushed fresh and fair?
What though old Time hath waved his and,
And turned to white your raven hair?

What though the footsteps once so fleet
Are now but tottering and slow?
Sweet wife, thou'rt still the same to me
As in those days of long ago.

I chose thee in thy blooming youth
To be my own, my love, my life; [rolled,
And now, though years have o'er thee
I find none matches with my wife.

Our girls and boys since then have trod
The olden love-path, ever new,
And in their simple hearts have though
Their own experience only true.

And so the golden crown descends,
O'er each in turn its halo shines,
And we in memory wander back,
And dream of youth and Valentines.

JULIA GODDARD

FOOTLIGHT REMINISCENCES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY WILLIE GILL.

In the halcyon days of our youth—I won't say how many years ago that was, or carping readers might insinuate that I am hankering after the honors belonging solely to old age—Willie Edouin and I were friends, coactors and inseparable companions, playing last together in China. For thirteen years we lost sight of each other; during that time he was building up a justly earned fame in America and England, while I was alternating between the sunny glades of Australia and the sweltering shores of far-off Ind. "We met by chance" on Broadway a short time ago, and the meeting resulted in my joining the company of which he was the bright particular (male) star. We, of course, commenced to exchange notes, and, from the fund of adventures we had both experienced since our parting, I propose to endeavor to amuse your readers with a liberal extract.

Some nine years ago Mr. John McCullough and Mr. Lawrence Barrett took a company—in which was Edouin—to some of the mining camps of California. They struck a place called Grass Valley. The theatre was, of course, very small, and the stage appliances, as may be supposed, could scarcely be put in comparison with—as those of the Grand Opera-house. Edouin was playing the First Gravedigger in "Hamlet," Mr. Barrett playing the title-role. The trap for the grave was ingeniously contrived by turning a table upside down under a hole cut in the stage, being fastened to the latter by nails being driven through the boards into the bottom of the four square legs. This novel grave—somewhat like Mahomet's coffin—hung suspended between earth (the flooring of the stage) and heaven (the ladies' dressing-room). While Willie was engaged soiling the sheep and bullock bones, which, for the nonce, were to be palmed off upon a credulous Grass Valley audience as part and parcel of departed Danes, and throwing out shovelfuls of mould—four, I believe, was the exact quantity allowed by an economical property-man—the ladies below relieved the monotony of their existence by sticking pins into Edouin's calves, and when he took his feet off the bottom of the table for the purpose of emerging to the surface, they dexterously removed his shoes, and left the ancient gravedigger to deliver Shakespeare's lines in his stocking feet. That the audience might not notice this involuntary barefootedness, he "sorter" threw up an earthwork in front of his number 12's in the shape of the shovel, upon observing which action Lawrence Barrett incontinently, and with malice aforethought, kicked away the shovel and revealed Edouin's unshod condition to the critical gaze of the aristocracy of Grass Valley. When Laertes (Mr. John Wilson) dived into the table trap, and requested that sundry consignments of earth might despatch him to oblivion in partnership with his sister's corpse, the ladies below tried the pin dodge on his symmetrical lower limbs; but to their utter astonishment he did not evince the slightest uneasiness, and played out the scene unconscious of the fact that pincushions had been added to his costume, proving that there is still some good even in a pair of pads.

Upon one bleak and wintry day, while Nature was doing her level best to cover earth's nakedness with a mantle of "beautiful snow," a figure might be observed slowly wending its way, or rather plowing through the fast-thickening mass of flakes. Ever and anon this figure would stop its onward course—a stump or the side of a barn would invariably bring it to a standstill—and then mysterious motions would be gone through, and the result of them would be a flaming pictorial or a two-sheet poster. The figure was owned by Willie Edouin, and the bills he had braved the "slush and the snow and the snow and the slush" to display to the wondering eyes of the residents of Truckee, Cal., were the announcers of his benefit. He struck one splendid stand which afforded him a fine chance for a display; he was pasting away for dear life, when he observed that his actions were being closely noted by a stranger dressed in miners' garb. "What's this here?" questioned the latter, pointing to the bills. Willie explained. "Oh, for his benefit—he's a funny little ——;" (these four spaces represent the rude and homely way the untutored miner had of expressing his admiration for Willie's talents. It was forcible, but scarcely elegant enough for insertion here.) Willie informed him that before him stood the "funny little ——" himself. "What do you do?" asked the stranger. Edouin informed him it was his intention on that memorable occasion to personate the character of Jocko the Brazilian Ape, in which he would do many wonderful things hitherto unseen by the dwellers around Truckee. "Show us!" said the miner. Just fancy a man going through the traditional monkey-business in three feet of snow, with the thermometer at ten below Chicago, for the gratification of one solitary auditor. That matinee did not take place.

On another occasion—in the theatre at Sacramento, Cal., it was—Willie was playing the Demon in "The Black Crook." There had been a heavy rainfall, and under the stage a muddy lake had collected; the musicians stood on gin-cases, and so forth, while they bathed the soul in harmony. Willie dived through the trap-fire-trap, the bottom gave way, and down he went into the liquid mud, which covered the flooring of the cellar to the depth of at least six inches. Mud or no mud, his part had to be gone through with, and the consequence was, that during the remainder of the play it was not at all difficult to decide where the imp had last deposited his burden of humanity. At least ten or twelve pounds of "Black Crook" demon must have ornamented the stage by the time the show was through.

Scene, the stage of John Piper's Opera-house, Virginia City, State of Nevada. Time, 9 A. M. Dramatis personæ—Edouin, sitting disconsolately on a chair, wondering where in thunder his next meal was to come from, and Ted Melville putting a patch on the seat of his well-worn unmentionables. Enter little Jew. Said he, quoth Edouin Melville: "Vere's the scenic-hartist?" Simply for a "guy," Ted pointed out Edouin. For the purpose of carrying the "guy" to a successful issue, Willie endorsed the vile falsehood. "I've got a theatre at Dayton, and I want a complete set of scenery painted. What'll you charge for the job?" Visions of pork-and-beans where no one would stop to count the beans, and "custard pies full of flies" merrily danced before Willie's excited vision. He was not color blind, he could tell green from blue, and these qualifications—in his then state—seemed quite sufficient for the position offered. "I'll paint what you want," said he, "and when I've finished we'll settle about terms." He would, at all events, get his abdominal cavity filled up for a week at least, then supposing that his style of drawing and paint did not suit the ideas of his employer. To make a long story short, Willie painted two chambers, plain and fancy; wood-kitchen and street, and met with gratifying comments from the score or so of stalwart miners, gamblers and loafers who daily looked on while the artist's soul breathed upon the dull canvas and brought forth visions of things that existed not in the heavens above, upon the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. But the drop-curtain was the test of true artistic aptitude. It was an advertising curtain, ruled off in squares and shields, paid for at so much per inch by the advertisers. Willie got along pretty well with this, till he struck a butcher named Newman, who had secured a foot square. In addition to the words "Newman, Butcher, south and such a number," etc., the usual formula, this carver of dead meat also required six verses immortalized in paint. The following is a specimen:

"If chops you want, or juicy steak,
Your way without delay just take,
And a sorter bee-line make
For Newman, Boss of Butchers."

Willie pointed out the fact that by inserting so much matter in so confined a space, those in front would never be able to read it. "I don't care a ——," said N.—"shove 'em in," and shoved in they were accordingly. For the purpose of advertising, Newman's space was a failure; but that the festive butcher enjoyed his money's worth may be inferred from the fact that he would drop in every day for an hour or so, and read over and over again his contribution to the realm of

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

MR. O. F., Baltimore.—[So far as Masonry is concerned, a man can be of any religious faith, so long as he is a believer in his Maker. So far as the Catholic Church is concerned, a man can be a Mason as readily as a member of any other secret society. That Church is opposed to all organizations it assumes, in common with the world at large, to be unable to thoroughly understand. 2. Neither in church nor in cemetery are such honors permissible. The same body, however, can be buried from a Protestant church or a Jewish synagogue with all the honors, other than those of the Roman Catholic Church, the world can possibly bestow upon it. It can be buried anywhere, without reference to the occupant of it having received the sacrament before death.

E. G. BROWN, Harrisburg.—The parties having agreed to fight at a certain weight, give or take two ounces, and received the money within the limit, the match goes on, or the party refusing to fight forfeits the stakes. In this case the "give and take" refers not to the difference in weight of the birds, but to the latitude allowance in excess of the 4lb 8oz. stipulation. In mains the birds are matched after being weighed (no weights having previously been fixed upon), and then "give or take two ounces" means that birds weighing within the two ounces of each other shall be a match. B must suffer the consequences of producing so light a bird.

MEMPH.—We cannot spare the space to give you in detail all the duties of an advance-agent. A person must have had actual experience in the business before he can secure an engagement, and that can be obtained by acting as an assistant advance-agent. The chief duties are to procure the license in each town to see the bills, etc., properly posted and distributed, insert advertisements in the papers, get notices, put tickets on sale, make contracts for board and lodging for the men of company, and follow implicitly whatever other instructions may be given him by the manager or general-agent.

ZACKERY, Elsie, Pa.—1. We have searched our files, but cannot find an account of the race alluded to. Kilsby was beaten by W. Sadler, £200, Putney to Mortlake, Nov. 12, 1867. He was also matched to row Tom King in May of that year, but we cannot find a report of the contest. 2. It was in 1865 that F. Kilsby, R. Cook, G. Cannon, J. Sadler and S. Peters (coxswain) won the champion fours at the Thames National Regatta. In 1864 Kilsby and Cook won the pair at that regatta, repeating their victory in 1865. We will have another hunt, and if possible give you the desired information in our next.

P. H., St. Louis.—[For a lithograph you would have to pay from $75 to $150 for the drawing and use of stone, and after that impressions would cost from $25 to $50 per hundred, according to their size and labor in printing them. A drawing can be made from a photograph. 2. It requires the manager's consent to cancel such engagements. Such engagements are often broken; but it is at the artist's peril. 3. It would depend entirely upon the ability and reputation of the performer, and the length of the engagement, how much salary he would receive.

C. C., Cincinnati.—Is there an American citizenship would be no protection. 2. The British definition of an amateur athlete is: "ANY person who has never competed in an open competition, or with public money, or for admission money, or with professionals for a prize, public money or admission money; nor has ever, at any period of his life, taught or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood; nor is a mechanic, artisan or laborer."

G. E. H., Philadelphia.—"Our American Cousin" was performed in Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., April 14, 1865, President Lincoln being assassinated. The chief characters were cast as follows: Florence Trenchard, Miss Laura Keene; Asa Trenchard, Harry Hawk; Lord Dundreary, E. A. Emerson; Abel Murcott, John Dyott; Binney, J. S. Clarke; Coyle, John Mathews; Sir Edward Trenchard, T. C. Gourlay; Mary Meredith, Miss Jenny Gourlay; Miss Mountchesington, Mrs. H. Muzzy.

AND H. ARE, Keokuk.—A weight is attached to a rope passing over a pulley in a wooden framework fastened to the floor or against the wall. The performer is seated, as nearly as possible, the same as in a boat, and grasping the handles in front of him goes through the exercise bringing into play the same muscles as are used in rowing. Send to Ed. James for a price-list.

W. B. P., Middletown.—1. Persons who have a natural aptitude for dancing could learn it by watching others, and subsequently practicing what they saw. A teacher is not indispensable. 2. You could learn tumbling in a gymnasium. 3. Chicago would probably be the best city. 4. Salaries range from $10 to $100 per week, according to reputation and ability.

P. B. AND OTHERS, Dayton.—1. You and your partner had to put twenty-seven cards down before you could call out on cards. The other side went out on big cassino. 2. It is not necessary to play all the cards out. 3. Mike McCoole's opponents in the ring were Bill Blake, Tom Jennings, Joe Foster, Bill Poole, Aaron Jones and Tom Allen. He never fought a man named O'Keefe.

AUTOGRAPH X.—1. Cannot say, as we know nothing of the young man. 2. There are no rules to govern the actor, but it is claimed to teach an art which can be learned only by practice and study. 3. Almost any use he might put his money to would be better for him. 4. He did not. 5. He founded the dexterity myth.

P. J. SMITH, St. Thomas.—We did not know of it previously, and an error upon your part prevents our using it now. If, as you say, the full distance was accomplished in 1h. 49m., including the time lost in turning, the actual running time was 1h. 45m., instead of 1h. 5m., as you plainly state. Please explain.

SALEM, Mass.—The shot is fair. A should have notified B that he was about to play on was inside of the string. Then it could have been decided whether it was in or out. After the stroke it is impossible to say exactly where the ball was, which is the reason for the rule requiring the above notification.

E. R., South St. Louis.—1. Cannot say. 2. You can get the pictures of Peck & Snyder, 124 Nassau street, this city. 3. He is a good pitcher. 4. Good pitchers could not be got; but Ed. James, who advertises, can send you Raymond's. 5. 6. It is a matter of opinion. 7. Do not know where Tony Beals is.

CLARENCE MACON.—1. You can buy a copy of "Evadne" of Sam'l French & Son, 122 Nassau street, this city, for 15 cents. "Pique" is a MS., and not for sale. 2. See Dramatic Summary. 3. At school in this city. Yes. 4. Pronounced Boo-see-on.

C. M., Baltimore.—Having made the three he "bid," B went out on his high. A's jack, or even low, could be of no use to him, so long as B made three points, inclusive of high.

MISS ELLA, Brooklyn.—That style of performance would not be suited to variety theatres, because too much time would be occupied, and the delay in getting committees to serve would weary the audience.

BILLY.—He has not played there unless for some benefit. You have the same facility as ourselves for finding out if he has been billed there. Address him in care of this office.

NO SIGNATURE, Chicopee.—1. The game being railroad checkers, 3 is entitled to four inches for three sticks. By turning three jacks and making four times in play, is one way.

M. H., Oswego.—No answers by mail. There is only one way to secure lasting success on the stage, and that is to commence at the bottom of the ladder and work your way up.

L. V. H., Pittsburg.—1. A need not take in the king. 2. B is out on sweeps. 3. It is "eights," and cannot be altered. 4. B had to take in his tens, if he was unable to build further or to capture a card on the board.

PUBLISHERS, Chicago.—1. The decision of *all* the judges is final. It is for them, who saw the contest, to decide, and not for us. You have given us the decision of one of the judges only. 2. We do not know.

ENQUIRER.—1. We cannot promise to advertise a letter from week to week for an indefinite time. 2. Yes; but you will have to forward another note giving an explanation to the party addressed.

T. W. N., Rochester.—We do not do an agency-business. Write to the dramatic agencies in this city, inclosing sufficient money to pay for the music, and it will be sent.

WM. GETTES.—1. $4 per year. 2. We think she has retired from the ranks. A letter addressed in care of this office will probably reach her. 3. American News Co., this city.

J. L.—The second fight between Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam, on July 25, 1807, was decided a draw, with the understanding that the men were to meet again, which they did Aug. 21, 1807, Sam winning after fighting 36 rounds.

MISS B. H., Norwich.—In all we know to be the requirements for colored qualifications, it will be impossible for us to say what your chances of success on the dramatic stage would be. 2. We know of none.

AND H. ARE, Keokuk.—No answers by mail. He is traveling with a small show upon the Mississippi River. His residence is Girard, Pa.

A READER, Newmarket.—A had to stand his hand and pitch the trump. There is no passing out in auction pitch or pedro.

HOYLE, Newark.—If you had raised your cards before the discovery was made, your hand was foul and you were debarred from playing.

T. M. B.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing stamp for reply, and he will furnish you with such instructions how to procure a copyright.

E. C., Glasgow.—Fox's American Theatre, built upon the site of the one recently burned, was dedicated Nov. 3, 1877.

J. E. S., Wampum.—You can so help your partner, at the risk of forfeiting the game for having combined to "ten" without having a ten spot in your hand.

AN A.—Merriam's and Hoyle are ten-strikes in succession will count 300. 2. It is usual to charge double when the players contend single-handed.

T. F. W., City.—1. Apply at the Fifteenth Precinct Station-house, Mercer street. 2. You can doubtless find out by calling at 616.

C. H., Boston.—No answers by mail. We know no person of that name. If you mean Josephine Shawley, address her in care of this office.

A. W., Milwaukee.—1. Aces are low, and sixes are high, at poker-dice. At card-poker aces play both high and low. 2. We do not require it.

J. POLLARD, Bank, Pa.—"British Fistiana" is out of print. You can obtain a copy of "American Fistiana" by sending 50 cents to Ed. James.

W. F. BARNES, Rilyorth.—James Owens of Vermont is the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler. The other party has never appeared in a championship match.

J. D., San Francisco.—1. When last heard from she was in Cheyenne, W. T. 2. Cannot say. 3. Never heard of him.

HARRY, Newark.—Cannot say what has become of Kneeland. Johnny Booker is in temporary retirement. Thanks, but do not require it.

J. B.—1. The Prince of Wales was born Nov. 9, 1841. 2. Hounds are not timed, and an opinion on the subject, being certain to be controversial, is of no value.

G. W. WALZ.—1. Your subscription expires with last number of the present volume. 2. $25 per week, a fair chance.

DECLINED.—"An Every-day Darling," "Reveries," "It Will Come Out All Right in the End," "Without You," "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," "Good Peep Pie."

W. S., Brooklyn.—There is no law requiring a physician in such a specialty. Any first-class physician is a master of that class of ailments.

READER, Memphis.—A loses. The city of London is the largest city in the world in point of population, but of course it could not always have been.

PEDRO, Chicago.—1. C has no remedy. 2. It is as proper to apply it to him as to any other representative of the people.

E. J. G., Albany.—He is now connected with John T. Ford's theatre in Baltimore, Md., and has assumed his real name, Thomas Moxley.

DR. J. A. R., Bay City.—No answers by mail. We presume she is still with that person, playing under the name of "La Etta."

TIM, Galesburg.—The two 41's take fourth and fifth prizes. They can divide, sell out, or throw off.

E. W. B.—The cards being 4, 4, 5, 5, the player of the 5 makes a run of three.

F. L. L., Spencer.—The Act authorizing the coinage of trade-dollars is dated Feb. 12, 1873.

LUCAS BROS., Bloomington.—It would cost $8.40 for each insertion.

PETER MCBORNIE, St. Louis.—Tom Sayers was defeated by Nat Langham.

W. A. H., Cincinnati.—No answers by mail. He is in this city at present.

L. H. T., Norfolk.—Mr. Cole is in this city. Circus-managers do not employ sailmakers.

SUBSCRIBER, Cortlandt.—1. He did in 1871 and 1872. 2. Barnum's Show had the larger canvas of the two.

B. H., Waterford.—"Madam" is the usual form of address.

RUY BLAS, Philadelphia.—Harper Bros. and the Appletons publish guide books which give the information.

SEA GULL, Baltimore.—Having made a pile of ten, without having a ten-spot in his hand, B loses the game.

G. H. A.—The holder of the three cards of one color loses. Three cards do not make a flush.

W. P. D., McKeesport.—1. B counts for game. 2. C can either bet or deal.

DICK.—Three fives and two fours beat three fives and two deuces.

NEWARK.—1. B leads. 2. John Bright was first elected to Parliament from Birmingham, Aug. 10, 1857.

PROF. W. P. D., Brenford.—We have not seen it set to music.

S. C., Woodstock.—No answers by mail. Write to any of the dramatic agencies advertising in THE CLIPPER.

S. N. H., Fredonia.—When we last heard of him he was residing in Paris, France.

APPLICANT.—Apply to one of the variety agencies in this city.

NEW-YORKER, Jackson.—The name you mention is the only one he is known by.

F. H.—A letter addressed in care of this office will reach her.

K. AND G., St. John.—Sweeny's Hotel is on the corner of Chatham and Duane streets.

J. H. S., Detroit.—1. He did not. Cool Burgess is the person. 2. It was declined.

REAL ESTATE, Chicago.—She was not acting during those two weeks.

SKYROCKET.—There is one in Dey street, near Broadway.

TOM, Parker's Landing.—Will answer next week. We have no time to search our files to-day.

L. B. Zalecki.—No answers by mail. He lives in Janesville, Wis.

C. B.—A letter addressed in care of this office will reach them.

T. S. B., Soldiers' Home.—Ed. James, whose card see, can furnish them.

W. C., Baltimore.—A and B win the two watches county.

OLD READER, Wilmington.—Deal to left and cut to right, usually.

G. S.—[There is no rule for making such puzzles. 2. No questions answered in the office.

A. F. S.—At raffles three fours beat two sixes and a five, much less two threes and a five,

CARO.—[loses.

J. S., Wadsworth.—A "jenk" is a "hank" at forty-deal, whether the player has previously made one trick or four.

CONSTANT READER, Lowell.—The dealer cannot touch the crib until it is time for him to count it.

T. M. E., Tonawanda.—Address some of our song advertisers.

L. W., Canaan.—From $100 to $150 per week, according to the length of the engagement.

J. F. M., Boston.—Must play a heart (if he has one) or a trump.

PENDOCK.—We cannot find that "Dancing Wavelets" has been set to music.

L. P. B.—It is possible that such a person may have appeared there in small characters.

DION.—1. The best three-ball run is 417. 2. William Sexton.

HARRY PIERKINS.—Address Geo. W. Vere, care of this office.

READER, Galt.—He still lives, and is performing in Europe.

A AND B, St. Louis.—There is a run of four in 5, 7, 4, 6.

F. M. M., Nashville.—We know nothing about the firm.

TELL US.—Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17, 1860.

A. B. C., St. John.—We know of no such preparation.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—He was born in 1832.

E. ST. LOUIS, Toronto.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

BARNUM.—We have plenty of original ones on hand.

BUCKLEY AND GILMORE.—$1.80 for each insertion.

E. P. S., Chicago.—Your letter will reach her.

DAYTONIA, Boston.—Guelph is the family name.

CHAS. SIMMONS.—75 cents for each insertion.

W. AND D., Providence.—She is in Europe.

E. S.—The dealer can turn down the joker.

GEO. J., Phila.—40 trumps, and then 150.

VERITAS.—She is in San Francisco, Cal.

DON, Clinton.—It is out on high-low.

C. W. H., Brooklyn.—High deals.

J. J. J.—A can call out at once.

P. H., Washington.—D wins.

A. F.—It is still in our care.

HALSE.—It is below.

Now is the time to get up spelling-bees to spell "Constantinople," with all that that implies, seeing the many difficulties surrounding that city, and the excitement caused by the rumored occupation of the place by the insidious foe. Here is the proper way to spell the word, and you will probably thank us for explaining the matter and making everything so clear: C-o-n Con—there's your Con; s-t-a-n, stan—there's your stan, there's your Constan; t-i, ti—there's your ti, there's your stanti, there's your Constanti; n-o, no—there's your no, there's your tino, there's your stantino, there's your Constantino; p-l-e, pull—there's your pull, there's your nople, there's your tinople, there's your stantinople, there's your Constantinople. And while the British Government was trying to spell this hard word, the wily Russians had mastered it without the least trouble, and taken first place in the school of foreign powers.

"SOLD!"—In another column will be found a letter, signed John M'Donald, wherein the charge is made that John C. Heenan sold his fight with King for twenty thousand dollars! Is this one of M'Donald's little eccentricities, intended to gull the public of London, or does he really mean what he says in his letter? Surely a man of M'Donald's well-known reputation for honesty and square dealing would not sanction such an alleged barefaced robbery; or, being cognizant of such a proceeding, keep the matter secret for so many years. If M'Donald can substantiate what he charges, by men of character, we say let us have the truth. But until such truth is forthcoming, with sworn affidavits of respectable men, we can give no credence to the charge; and we know the American people well enough to foretell what their verdict will be in the absence of evidence other than that at hand.

WE SHOULD like to take a decided stand one way or another in this matter of silver and gold, but it is not safe to leave the fence just yet. We are prudent, and of the non-committal sort; if we find that the people are for silver, we shall go with the people; if they favor the gold bugs, we shall join in the golden caravan, no matter what the other side may say. Should the people be equally divided on the subject, we shall be willing to sacrifice ourself, and submit to a division. But we shall await further results of the discussion now going on at Washington before permitting ourself to be drawn to one side or the other. You will please remember that, although neutral, we are independent.

HENRY GENET has returned to the fold, and soon all the mourned ones will be gathered together, and the fatted calf will be killed in their behalf, and a mammoth ox-roast will reunite all conflicting elements, while the terrible lion and the meek and lowly lamb will lie down in pleasant places as the revels and the big feed are in progress. It is pleasant to note the return of those prodigal sons whose absence has so long filled our hearts with grief. It is but natural that the prodigals, now that they are with us once more, should inquire: "What are you going to do about it?"

THE VEGETABLE and spoiled-egg drama is growing in favor in some quarters where provender is cheap, but there would appear to be a want of harmony among the projectors of the missiles which interferes with the general get-up of the stage-settings. Cabbages are innocuous, and may be deli vered with safety; but unsavory eggs and condemned flour need more discrimination as to the aim and intent of the hurlers. Time may remedy these little errors of judgment. Eggs, although the most pernicious in their effects, are the most in favor with the people.

THE PEOPLE are evidently becoming reluctant to paying the dollar-and-a-half of our daddies for a seat in our high-toned theatres; and though they may submit for a time, they do it under protest and with a good deal of grumbling. The variety houses, and those theatres whose rates of admission are on a popular scale, are all doing well, and reaping the reward of their deference to the demands of the public. There are but few theatres that continue to charge a dollar-and-a-half for a reserved seat, and there will be still fewer if managers persist in their unwise course.

A Miracle.

There was a young woman named Greth,
Who in Mauch Chunk came to her death;
But one dear Father Hannin,
Quite skillful in plannin',
By a miracle restored her her breath—
And now she is just as well and hearty as ever she was.

IT IS NOW THOUGHT that Mr. Schrack, the brother who died and came to life again in Philadelphia, and sister Greth, who had a similar experience in Mauch Chunk, did not really die, but sleepeth! The deceased ones are somewhat indignant that the question of their untimely taking-off should be doubted, especially as their alleged dissolution has been so cleverly taken off by the burlesque element of some places of amusement.

THE GREAT RUSH to our drug-stores on Sundays shows an alarming increase in the number of consumptives on that day. By advice of their physicians they visit the medicine stores to procure the new consumptive cure: rock candy and whiskey, which cannot be had at the *regular* barrooms on the Sabbath.

THE INTERNATIONALS will take their bases in Buffalo on Feb. 20, when every player is expected to do his duty for "the best interests of the national game." Let harmony guide the delegates in their deliberations, and let sound judgment and fair dealing mark the proceedings.

GREECE "went to war" with vanquished Turkey just a few days too late; for the latter, having cried "Enough!" to Russia, went for the Greeks, who stultified themselves, and wriggled out of a "painful situation." Ah! "those isles of Greece, those isles of Greece," et cætera.

IT IS PROBABLE that the East River bridge will become a favorite jumping-off place for suicides, affording, as it must, better facilities for a successful leap into eternity than those provided by the unromantic ferryboat.

AS AN ARTISTIC exhibition of real models, the Charity Ball was a success. "Our Jim" thinks that charity ought to begin at home by giving the ladies at the ball some good store-clothes to hide their nakedness.

WE DESIRE to impress upon our friends the importance of giving heed to the fact that buff-bathing in the North River at the present time is calculated to impart a healthful glow to the human form divine!

ISN'T IT about time for the rural newspapers to record the destruction of the peach and the potato crops by the sudden and unlooked-for appearance of the Ice King? Let us know the worst at once.

A MAN who was caught mutilating a book in the Astor Library was let off with a fine of ten dollars, because he didn't understand the language! Thus is he allowed to cut and run again!

THE BALTIMORE Charley Ross wasn't the right one. The Philadelphia papers have several other small boys in reserve, however, some of whom, it is thought, ought to fill the bill, or add to Mr. Ross' bill.

TAKING IN the Golden Horn is when the beverage is paid for in the gold dollar of our fathers.

"OUR JIM" declares that the funny writer of *The Herald* is the champion "*P. I.*" man.

THE "MURPHY" MOVEMENT has no reference to the dispossession of the potato-bug!

ANY BUTCHER who seeks to hide his lights under a bushel *ought* to fail!

THE LINCOLN UNION of the Ninth Ward, this city, will give their annual ball and commemorate the sixty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln at Ferrero's Assembly Rooms on Tuesday evening, Feb. 12.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Feb. 4: J. Madison Wells surrendered himself. Locked up in the New Orleans jail..... Washington Republicans held a conference with a view to protecting the Louisiana Returning Board.....Richard J. Dell died to death by a bull near Woodbury, N. J.....A majority in the House voted to revive the income-tax.....The dead body of James H. Daley found in the street in Boston. He had been murdered.....Two planets discovered—one by Director of Paris Observatory, and one by Dr. Peters of Hamilton College. Call these stars Anderson and Modjeska..... .....Charles Roe of New Brunswick, N. J., run over and killed on the Pennsylvania Railroad..... Mary Case of Bush, N. Y., suspected of poisoning her husband, father and mother. A very hard Case.....C. H. Colwell buried by a snow slide in Denver, Col.....William Sturges, a prominent Chicago railroad man, failed with liabilities amounting to more than a million.....City news: Harry Genet's return was most opportune, as interest in the Lord case had weakened; two children smothered to death in a Sixth-street tenement; Addie Oakman appeared before the Grand Jury; John Russell of West Thirty-fifth street thrust his hand into his trunk and killed; Police-justice Duffy on trial; Board of Trade drew up a memorial against silver; Tammany's opponents held a meeting; ice on the rise; the police ordered to make way with fruit-stands on the street.....By cable: The Czar addressed his troops, telling them to be ready for war until peace should be durable; Austria issued invitations for a conference on questions growing out of the war; the Greeks scored a victory at Domoco.....Fires: Catrois Flouring Mill, Nebraska City—loss $15,000; frame building of the Miners' Powder Company, at Pelhamville, N. Y.—loss $3,000; grist-mill at New Egypt, N. J., one of the employes perishing in the flames—loss $11,000; the Revere House and other buildings at Beavertown, Ont.—loss $10,000.

*** Feb. 5: Senator Conkling talked upon the silver question.....Something like an earthquake in Flushing, L. I.....The House Committee on the Judiciary tied on a vote for woman suffrage.....Mercantile Savings-bank of Boston closed.....A woman in Richmond, Va., locked up for robbing the mails. It's a sort of a way a good many women have.....Sarah Wilson died in a dentist's chair in Annandale, S. I., from too much chloroform.....Legislative Committee began an investigation into the charges of cruelty in the Trenton, N. J., Prison.....The Boston publishing houses of James R. Osgood & Co. and Heard & Houghton united under the firm name of Houghton, Osgood & Co.....Archbishop Wood pronounced the Mauch Chunk miracle a delusion.....Baltimore's boy proved not to be Charley Ross.....The Tailor in Baltimore, Md., managed to shoot a burglar, but killed a white man two hundred yards away.....For stealing slops, a nightwatchman in Peoria, Ill., shot and killed a man. .....Sacramento, Cal., threatened with a flood. .....The Sheriff of Lee County, Miss., a defaulter to the extent of $40,000.....City news: Harry Genet said that he was to be reconstructed member of the New York—and that's about the size of the Merrill will case on trial; the steamboat Argo burst her boiler at Barren Island; the captain and other officers of the wrecked Metropolis reached the metropolis; French cooks' ball at the Academy; the Snellback family smothered in a Mulberry-street house.....By cable: Lord Derby expressed his sympathy for the Greeks; the President of St. Domingo shot by the director of Chicago's Academy of Music destroyed by fire. Read about it elsewhere.....A $40,000 fire in East Brookfield, Mass.....Sweet, Cook & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., shoe-dealers, failed, with liabilities amounting to $150,000.

*** Feb. 6: New York Senate concurred with the Assembly in low tolls on the canals.....The House ordered an investigation into the stock of the Metropolis.....The Senate called for information about the Life-saving Service.....Negro murderer shot an officer in Memphis, Tenn..... George Green attempted to kill his wife on Coney Island.....Argument in the Anderson case at New Orleans closed.....Nester, Maxon and M. De La Pena found guilty of the murder of Monroe. Sentenced to be hanged within forty days. Motion for new trial overruled, and at last faced his man, and rapidly regaining his strength while Heenan fell off weak, he soon had the latter at his mercy, and administered rightful punishment, very little of which Heenan was able to return. Heenan had any such compact as that alluded to been entered into. We, for these and other reasons—among them, a firm belief in John Heenan's honesty—emphatically repudiate the idea that what Jack McDonald so positively asserts is true, and we fear that the latter has injured himself more by taking this course than if he had maintained a silence which there was really no need to break. So long as the statement has been published, however, we trust that such steps may be taken as will tend to corroborate or disprove its name, hoping that the result of the agitation will be a clearing up of the mystery which has enveloped a fight in which something is universally believed to have been wrong. The names of the parties now living who are associated with the transaction recognize as the alleged "sell-out" should in justice be given, in order that we may get at such bottom facts as may exist.

Since the foregoing was in type we have received *The* (London) *Observer* of Jan. 27, in which is the following manly comments by the editor, "Pendragon:"

"I have no hesitation in saying that the letter is an infamous concoction. The writer, who remained silent during the life of the man he libels, and who has now openly accused of treachery by that man and his friends, tries to make capital for himself by blackening the character of the dead. He has remembered that McDonald and Sayers seconded Heenan, and that, of course, the direction of affairs in Heenan's corner lay with McDonald. Sayers being about the worst second, I suppose, that ever was seen in a fighting for important battle. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that this statement is true, why does McDonald tell only half the story? He must have been a party to the transaction, or why, when King was down, did he not go to the ring-post and claim the battle? I have heard that official declare he sat waiting to be asked to give the fight to Heenan, and that he was asked at the time why the fight was never claimed, as he would have had no alternative but to declare at once that King had lost. And as it was McDonald's duty to see that his man scratched at the termination of the fight, that no time was lost, additional Sees. was allowed the opposition, how does he account for not having done this? That there was foul play has been my belief ever since the day, and I have conversed on the fight with many of Heenan's friends was the seller; I still fancy he was the sold. When King was brought to, Heenan seemed quite groggy, and never made any effort whatever to follow up his assertion, which he came up and struggled against nature and against fate, though he was knocked down round after round after round, is itself sufficient proof to me that he was no consenting party to the performance of what is commonly called 'squaring' a fight. This is a difficult subject to deal with in print, but there is no doubt in my mind that Heenan was drugged during the time King was comatose; who did the dirty work I will leave my readers to judge for themselves. There was much talk of the match being a 'cross,' but I could not get into the papers it was because the sporting press was then by no means as it is now, and because interested endeavors were made to keep the matter dark. But there is even more than suspicion attached to McDonald's story than anything I have said. After the fight Heenan openly accused this man of having acted unfairly by him, refused to shake hands with him, and generally treated him as a traitor. Why, then, did not Heenan make a clean breast of the transaction? I am sure he would not have remained quiet under the infliction he complained of, and would have let the world known what he professes to know now. There is an old proverb, that when rogues fall out honest men learn what ought to have been their own. This is a new reading, I will admit, but I think it is a true one, and a warning for thieves do not generally fall out in time for honest men to get their own. The quarrel between Heenan and McDonald would certainly have ended in an exposure had the latter's hands been clean at the time, but as they were not, even admitting that what he now says has a substratum of truth. There has been nothing said lately that was not said fourteen years ago. Perhaps Mr. McDonald will explain why he did not state his case then in answer to the open accusations of Heenan and Heenan's friends."

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BARNUM, Philo F.—Brother of P. T. Barnum, and for over forty years a resident of Bridgeport, Ct. Born in Bethel, Ct., in 1806, he went to the city at an early age, and was identified with many public interests. He had held the office of Mayor, High-sheriff, Deputy-sheriff and various other offices, and was at the time of his death United States Deputy-marshal for Fairfield County. He was City-sheriff so many times that his name was seldom spoken of otherwise than "Sheriff Barnum," and many ludicrous incidents have taken place from the similarity of the initials of his name with those of P. T. Barnum. Died from the effects of an operation of lithotomy—Bridgeport, Ct., Feb. 4, aged 71.

BROOKS, Samuel B.—For nearly fifty years connected with the Bank of North America, Philadelphia. In early life he had been an active member of the old Volunteer Fire Department of that city—Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4, aged 74.

BOWER, John—Professor of music in Philadelphia, Pa., where he was widely known—that city, Feb. 8, aged 61.

BERNARD, Claude—A distinguished French physiologist. He succeeded Flourens in the Academy in 1868, and was made a Senator in 1869—Paris, Feb. 8.

BEDELL, Mott—An old and respected citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y. His father was General Bedell, who served in the Revolutionary War. In early life Mr. Bedell was the captain of a vessel plying between the city and Liverpool. He subsequently he carried on business as a commission merchant—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 6, aged 83.

BAYARD, Robert—One of the oldest merchants of this city. His father, William Bayard, was a member of the firm of Leroy Bayard & Co., which before the beginning of the century traded from New York to all parts of the world. For a number of years past Mr. Robert Bayard was known chiefly as a capitalist—this city, Feb. 4, aged 81.

BUTLER, Mrs. Charles—A sister of Wm. B. Ogden, and the wife of a brother of the late Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-general of the United States under President Van Buren—this city, Feb. 3.

CASSADY, Robert—A well-known railroad ticket-agent of Buffalo, N. Y. He died suddenly while attending a meeting of the Railroad Agents' Association—Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 4.

DODGE, A. Hamilton—A prominent resident of Georgetown, D. C. He was president of the Georgetown Gas Company, and a brother of Treasurer Dodge of the District of Columbia Government—Georgetown, D. C., Feb. 4.

DE ANGELIS, William—A well-known resident of Williamsburg, and for many years employed as night-watchman in the Custom-house in this city—Brooklyn, Feb. 4.

GOODWIN, George—Said to have been the oldest graduate of Yale College and the only survivor of the class of 1806, of which he was a member. From 1813 to 1836 he was one of the publishers of *The Hartford Courant*—East Hartford, Ct., Feb. 8, aged 91.

GOODMAN, J. R.—A homœopathic physician. He mysteriously disappeared from his home in Philadelphia in September last. Recently his body was discovered and identified near Trenton, N. J. From the evidence it would appear that he committed suicide. He was a surgeon in the army during the War of the Rebellion.

HARVEY, James C.—For many years engaged in business as a florist in Philadelphia—that city, Feb. 6, aged 80.

HOWARD, Ellen—A widow, for many years a resident of this city—here, Feb. 6, aged 100.

JACOBS, Jacob M.—The oldest inhabitant of Oswego, N. Y. He served in the United States Navy during the War of 1812—Oswego, N. Y., Feb. 4, aged 100.

MASTAI-FERRETTI, Giovanni-Maria—Pope Pius IX. He was born in Sinigaglia, Italy, his father holding the title of Count. His early education was entrusted to his mother, a woman of uncommon intelligence and piety. He afterwards studied in the College of Volterra, and at the age of eighteen entered the Papal Guards. His health disqualified him for a military career, and he therefore began the study of theology at Rome. In 1823, as companion to the Delegate Apostolic, he visited Chili. In 1828 he was made Archbishop of Spoleto, and in 1833 translated to the See of Imola. In December, 1840, he was proclaimed Cardinal, and from that time forward the voice alike of people and of clergy designated him as the successor of Gregory XVI. He was elected Pope by acclamation, June 16, 1846, and assumed the name of Pius IX. He began his reign with a view to reform; paid the debts of all the prisoners in the Capital; gave $13,000 in one day to furnish marriage dowers for poor girls; pardoned unconditionally all political prisoners, and restored to the Jews the rights vouchsafed to Christians. The quicker to pay the public debt, he cut down the expenses of his household to the utmost limit. His liberal views met with opposition, and the radical press accused him of seeking to create a party in Italy hostile to freedom and reform. Rome became filled with rioters, and the Pope was forced to flee from the city in disguise. This was in 1848. He remained in exile at Gaeta until 1850, when he returned to the Quirinal and set himself to work to repair the ruins. It proved a hopeless task. The Pope made a sturdy fight, but he was worsted, but if he saw the temporal power of the Church decline, he saw also its growth as a religious body. Many anecdotes are related to show his kindness and generosity of heart. It is told that during our civil war a party of Americans were presented together—some from the North, some from the South, and all, or nearly all, Protestants. After the first greeting, the Holy Father inquired where they were from, and then, with a shadow of distress on his benignant features, said: "Ah! my dear children, you are in the home of the common parent; in Rome there is neither North, nor South, nor West, nor East. This is the centre of the earth, and my heart belongs individually to all of you." An American gentleman, who with his wife and children had an audience with the Pope in 1869, tells us that after Pius IX had begun the conversation he stopped and said: "But perhaps you are not Catholics?" "No, Holy Father," answered the lady; "we are Protestants." "Well," said the Pope, with a shrug and a most winning smile, "that makes no difference: all who hold the principles of Jesus Christ are with me."—Rome, Italy, Feb. 7, aged 85.

MATHEWS John.—Chaplain of the Long Island Masonic Lodge. He died suddenly of heart-disease—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 6, aged 66.

MCDONNELL, John—A prominent citizen of Amsterdam, N. Y. For fifteen years he had been president of the First National Bank of Amsterdam—there, Feb. 5, aged 70.

MAC RAE, Nathaniel C.—A major on the retired list of the United States Army. He graduated at West Point in 1826—Cincinnati, O., Feb. 5, aged 71.

MCLAREN, William—Principal of the Glen's Falls (N. Y.) Academy. He died suddenly of heart disease—Sandy Hill, N. Y., Feb. 9.

MUNDELL, Gordon—A Presbyterian clergyman who had formerly preached in Philadelphia, and more recently in Plainville, Ct.—there, Feb. 5.

MATTESON, Henry C.—A resident of this city and a son of the Hon. O. B. Matteson of Utica, N. Y.—here, Feb. 6, aged 46.

MARTINEZ, Juan—A wealthy Cuban commission merchant of this city. He committed suicide by shooting in the head. The friend in whose house he had dined the evening before. No cause for the act is assigned—this city, Feb. 4, aged 50.

MAXAN, Nestor—A prominent lawyer in Brownsville, Texas. He was killed in a duel with M. De La Pena. Mr. Maxan was seconded by William Kelly, and M. Pena by Dr. Combe. Two rounds were fired without effect, when Pena announced himself satisfied, but Mr. Maxan, demanding another round, was shot through the body and died almost instantly—Matamoras, Texas, Feb. 3.

O'NEILL, Henry—A member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and formerly a clerk in the City Treasury of Philadelphia—California, recently, aged 38.

FALLISER, Mrs. Fanny Bury—A sister of Capt. Marryat, and herself a diligent worker in the field of letters. She published, among other books, "A History of Lace," "China-collector's Pocket Companion," and "Brittany and its Byways." She also wrote a life of Capt. Marryat—London, Jan. 16.

ROOSEVELT, Theodore—A prominent resident of this city. He was the youngest son of C. V. S. Roosevelt, and was a native of New York. After the death of his father he and his brother, James A., continued in the glass business at 92 Maiden lane until they retired in January, 1876. He was, at the time of his death, one of the three State Commissioners of Public Charities, vice-president of the Union League Club, and a member of the Century, St. Nicholas, and other clubs. His greatest pride was in assisting to found the Orthopœdic Hospital, in Fifty-ninth street, near Third avenue. He had a child that prompt treatment would have many a sufferer from being deformed, and he devoted time and money to establishing an institution for the relief of such patients. He secured the passage of an act which incorporated the dispensary and hospital. In 1853 he married Miss Martha Bullock, who survives him with four children, the youngest being sixteen years of age. He was very wealthy, his fortune being estimated at several millions. He was recently nominated by President Hayes to be Collector of the Port of New York—this city, Feb. 9, aged 46.

ROBINSON, George—Clerk of the Superior Court of Baltimore, Md. He died suddenly of heart disease—that city, Feb. 8.

SMITH, Abram G.—The well-known proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel, Washington. He began life as a banker's clerk, and founded the once well-known banking firm of A. G. Smith & Co.—Washington, D. C., Feb. 6, aged 42.

TAYLOR, John N.—A prominent citizen of New Brunswick, N. J. He was formerly connected with the Brooklyn Park Commission—New Brunswick, N. J., Feb. 6.

THOMAS, George—An old and respected citizen of Utica, N. Y. At one time he was well known throughout the State as an anti-slavery advocate —Utica, N. Y., Feb. 6, aged 80.

VALENTINE, James A.—See notice under "Billiards."

VON KELLER, Herman—Prominent among the Germans of this city. He came to New York thirty years ago and amassed a fortune as a cloth importer. Recently he had been connected with the management of the Astor House—this city, Feb. 4, aged 57.

VASCONCELLOS, Conselheiro, Z. De G. e.—A Brazilian Senator, and one of the leaders of the liberal party of that country—Rio Janeiro, Dec. 28, aged 62.

WELSH, James H.—A well-known local politician of this city. He was twice elected to the State Legislature, and for

RDS.

ON FOR $4,000.
meth Away from
t.
last week, Cyrille Dion's
r Adolphe P. Rudolphe
for big money between
big match was the out-
Inslee Hopper, a New-
-president of the Singer
to encounter Sexton in
, New Orleans, and ven-
player could not give
ding. As Sexton had no
whether he could give
d not say that he could,
atteur to offer to back
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ffer might lose its life if it
on produced one hundred
. The game was started at
had a chance to make a
eal than 43. Sexton ran
in the 300. This might
, and so it was prob-
er, who shouted: "En-
and so was Dion, who
ould win the first game.
with a run of 181, and
ing 21-6-14. Mr. Hopper
r could beat Dion even-
on at least; but he was as
e could not give the let-
d offered to back Dion in
$500, and Sexton got as
Walker, in whose room
volunteered to back Sex-
as jolubly put up. That
arties met and deposit-
with Mr. Rufus Hunt.
dies, and, of course, se-
nost familiar—the cue at
me, St. Charles Hotel. It
e would give Sexton one-
e won't while, in the event
Hopper would exact only
leaving his representative
$2,000. Tuesday, Feb. 5,
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of a single game since
Philip Tieman and Wil-
d for a round stake of
r his substitution of John
unately for Goldthwaite, of
Devitt winning it. There
oring $2,000 more money
has been no single game
ept in private, as was in-
Orleans on Feb. 8, since
roit, Phelan and Seereiter
bet of $2,500 a side made as
which bet virtually made

olice seats commanded ex-
z of the City Railroad Com-
ars on the Esplanade, Fry-
xpectation that so few a
before two o'clock in the
erroneous. It was over at
time was 1m. 43s. Dion
ed at 8.05. Sexton won and
mpires, George F. Slosson
Carroll for Dion, and
and the referee, Henry
e a ball was struck, Sexton
two to one. Counting on
nt, Sexton kept the cushion
interacted the odds he was
opening run amounted to
t. Dunlevy Kavanagh's
Foley in Fireman's Hall,
the great game between
That run was at the four-
rh that was Kavanagh's first
ster than any run he made
under of his public career.
cord of Kavanagh's remain-
st at the beginning of his
Only ran 212, which he will
a match on the same size of
ayer now than he was then,
player, by at least one hun-
in 1859. In the latter year,
without crotching the balls,
the three-ball game on any
and there were a few five-
at that time. No some
against Dion than the
without takers. The Cana-
play, and could not stave
de of the odds-giver, who
in the next seven innings,
total of seventy-one, which
n the ninth inning enabled
rail, and he ran 96 before he
time—35. The latter in-
ning Sexton ran 136, making
age 42. In the seventeenth
pegging away steadily, re-
of 74-503 to Sexton's 474-
, 16 by Dion, the form-
allop in which he broke
of the innings in a fleet ran
were now 776 for Sexton
or Dion. Sexton's average
Within the next few
totals 985 to 620, but re-
nd in the thirty-sixth in-
winning by 235, including
ge was 27 28-35, on which
; and yet it was apparent
could have finished the
was, he came within about
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far in excess of anything
ished in a match, and
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ugh badly beaten, he has
Appended is the official

	SEXTON.		DION.	
38.	*Runs.*	*Total.*	*Runs.*	*Total*
	226	726	58	377
	6	732	2	379
	0	732	1	380
	6	738	5	385
	0	738	0	385
	4	742	1	386
	0	742	0	386
	25	767	32	418
	138	905	2	420
	10	914	6	426
	3	917	71	497
	4	921	7	504
	41	962	1	505
	24	986	3	508
	0	986	3	532
	0	986	2	534
	0	986	31	565
	13	1,000		

THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS,
between Wm. Sexton and
ench caroms, played each
ring the odds of 200 points.
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36: Dion's, 16.5-35. Rest-
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ADAMS.

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ADRIAN IZAR."

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r face in billiard circles
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D. Mass.—At Gilmore's
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IC.

ONSHIP.

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OSORO, Feb. 6, 1878.
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EDWARD HANLAN.

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Feb. 8.

BASEBALL.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

On Feb. 19 and 20 delegates from most of the organized professional clubs in the country will be assembled in Buffalo to take part in the first annual convention of the International Association of Professional Baseball Clubs. Those clubs which cannot send delegates can be represented by letter, so far as membership is concerned, but no vote by proxy will be allowed. The business of this convention will be to reorganize the International Association in such a way as to give it a permanent existence as a thoroughly representative association of the professional class of the fraternity at large. The pecuniary expense connected with the convention and the Association will be but nominal, as there is nothing, beyond the outlay occasioned by the expense of the hall where they meet and the secretary's expenses, to call for the use of funds. Therefore the dues from each club member will be but trifling. While every professional club—now outside of the League—can join the International Association at a trifling expense, of course none of these can enter the International championship arena unless they can bind themselves to carry out the engagements of the championship series of games. In considering this question the Championship Committee will, of course, be guided by the number of clubs entering and their locality. It will be desirable to limit the entries to such clubs as are located on good paying circuits, for it will not pay a club this season to go out of its way to a city simply to play a championship match. It, of course, will happen that a club located in a small town between two large cities, or on a regular traveling route between two baseball centres, will be a more desirable club to have enter the lists than a stronger playing club would be if located in some city or town off the route of regular travel. This season professional clubs will have to consider traveling expenses more than ever they have done, for the utmost economy in this respect, as well as in their salary lists, will be absolutely necessary to carry them through. One special thing the convention will find it to its interest to do, and that is to give the largest liberty to clubs in their arrangements of games with one another; but as regards the price of admission and guarantees, etc., while recommending a general tariff of twenty-five cents admission, it should be optional with clubs as to time and place of such charge and the policy of its observance. It should be borne in mind that Canada holds the pennant now, and our clubs should do their best to win it back. None but the International clubs can do this. In regard to the selection of a ball, that also should be left to clubs. It is so plainly the interest of every ball-maker to manufacture a thoroughly well-made ball, that all that is necessary is that the ball played with shall be of the regulation size. As for the playing rules of the game, while the Association will have a code of their own, it is plain and sound policy to make as much uniformity of existing professional associations, nor can any club team in which either play legally engage in a match with any Association club team ..... Hallman and Tracy were at Brooklyn last week. The former has grown quite fleshy. .....Chapman is getting ready to raise a Louisville nine for 1878. He is going to work quietly, and is likely to look out for men whose characters are above suspicion ..... Erie is to have a co-operative professional team, with Dehlman of the St. Louis Club as its manager ..... A baseball match on the ice was seen here as the crowd left the Capitoline Lake on Tuesday, Feb. 11. On the 10th there was good skating there ..... Brooklyn is to have a nine, and ..... It is expected by the Prospect Park officials that the ball field will be ready for use early in March this season.

THE TURF.

RACING IN CHARLESTON.

The second day's racing of the South Carolina Jockey Club, over the Washington Course, Charleston, on Tuesday, Feb. 5, attracted a large attendance. The first race was a dash of one furlong for all ages, for a purse of $500, of which $50 went to the second horse. Four started, and the winner turned up in Hancock's Egypt, the favorite, beating Belle Isle (second), Pioneer (third), and Judge Hancock. Time, 1:49½. It was a closely-contested race, there being less than a length between each of the first three horses. The second race was for the Produce Stakes for four-year-olds, two-mile heats; $50 entrance, half forfeit, $10 if declared by Jan. 1, and $300 added by the Jockey Club. Of the seven nominations, but two came to the post—Meidinger's b. c. Wash Booth and Wyches' Red Dick filly. Wash Booth won the race in two straight heats, of which the last was closely contested. Time, 3:57, 3:53½. The third race was mile heats for a purse of $300, or which $75 went to the second horse; all ages. Three came to the post—Gay's c. c. General Phillips, Lindsay's Daligaisan, and Meidinger's Governor Hampton. The Texan flyer General Phillips was a favorite over the field, and he won in a canter in two straight heats in 1:52½, 1:50; Daligaisan capturing second money.

The third day's sport, on Feb. 7, was largely attended, but the track was heavy on account of the recent rains. The Texan stables carried off the lion's share of the purses, both of the day and meeting, the three year-old General Phillips winning every race for which he started. The first race of the day was a mile and-a-half dash, for a purse of $200, for all ages, $50 to second horse. It was won by Gay's General Phillips in a canter in 2:48, beating Judge Hancock second and Jake Tring third. The Hutchinson Stake followed, and was for all ages, mile heats, $50 entrance, half forfeit, with $500 added by the club. Of the seven entries, only four started, Davis' c. c. Harry Lilo Guards, or any other name, to match a team in the following seven exercises: foil fencing, single stick fencing, sparring, Graeco-Roman wrestling, wrestling catch-as-catch-can (back and waist hold), heavy dumbbell lifting with single and double bells, and walking fifty miles. All the events not to extend over a period of five weeks; for instance: fencing one day, a week to intervene between each exercise; the winner of the most events in the seven exercises to be declared the victor and winner of the stake-money. The match to be for two thousand dollars a side. The winner of each event to be entitled to the whole of the gate-money, after expenses are paid. Any party accepting this challenge will please answer through The New York CLIPPER and *Bell's Life*. I will then forward articles of agreement to *Bell's Life* to be signed, and will sign articles of agreement on behalf of my party accepting it to THE CLIPPER. I will allow three hundred dollars expenses for the match to take place in New York, or will take three hundred dollars expenses for the match to take place in London. The money to be put up in London and New York immediately if this challenge is accepted; after articles of agreement are signed, the total amount of stake-money shall be transferred to the final stakeholder, who shall be mutually agreed upon. I am, dear sir, yours respectfully, Prof. WILLIAM MILLER.

HARLEM ATHLETIC CLUB.—This energetic and professionally well-"heeled" organization gave a pleasant indoor entertainment at Harlem Music Hall on Monday evening, Feb. 4. Members of kindred organizations rendered valuable assistance on the occasion, the performances were of a gymnastic rather than an athletic character, and embraced club swinging by J. M. Laflin, J. Van Horn, Jas. Kimball and son; dumb-bell drilling by Messrs. Lynch and Parmly (the former elevating a 150-pounder and the latter pushing up a 104-pound bell a number of times); boxing by Prof. Miller and Officer John Britton, G. Chevalier and L. A. Berge, and Frank Banham and H. Austin; Graeco-Roman wrestling by G. H. Hill-ig and E. R. Koerster, R. Berger and J. Duffy, collar-and-elbow wrestling, by J. F. Lynch and Berger; acts by Louis Seibert, Sheick and Wesner; Prof. Smythe and pupils on the swinging rings; the same and members of the Exercise B. and A. Club on the horizontal bar, and Electric Club members in tumbling and contortionism. John Goulding was M. C.

NOVEL RACES.—Recently two trials of speed of an unusual character took place at Halifax, N. S. One of them was a hand-cart race between two well-known truckmen. The course was from the corner of Prince street and Water street up Sackville Row and to the foot of Prince street. Each man wheeled a heavily-sized hand-cart. The race resulted in a victory for the owner of the cart between two black-and-tan terriers on the North Common for $20 a side. One dog was owned by a Water-street tavern-keeper and the other by the proprietor of a more aristocratic bar-room. The former was the winner.

A RED-HOT BOWLER.—According to *The Hobart Town* (Tasmania) *Mercury*, there is a terrific young bowler there as brother of G. H. Bailey, a member of the Australian eleven, who are to visit England via the States. *The Mercury* says of him: "Young Bailey, like his brother, shines as a trundler. His pitch is good, his delivery easy, his pace terrific; and on Saturday, in the match Orielton vs. Clarence he cut a piece out of Braithwaite's finger, bowled the sole cleaner out of Quinn's foot, cut Charlie Shipp's severed the heel of Young's understanding, and blackened both of Rowland's eyes by his terrible shooters."

PATRICK, the English bicyclist, and George Edmunds of Wales contended in a two-mile bicycle race (Patrick receiving 30 yards start), for £10 a side, at Llanelly Park, Wales, Jan. 19. The former was not overhauled, and won in 7m. 15s. Subsequently Patrick offered to give Edmunds fifty yards start in two miles, for £10 a side, and race the same afternoon. This was accepted by the Welshman. The start took place at about five o'clock, and again Patrick won easily, owing to the treadle of Edmunds' bicycle breaking down.

A COCKING MAIN, Westport and Norwalk vs. Bridgeport and New Haven, took place mid-way between Southport and Norwalk Feb. 5. The contest was for $50 a battle and $150 the odd, and there were seven matches between 6lb and 8lb cocks. The Norwalk men won the first three fights in succession, and consequently the main; Bridgeport and New Haven concluded to fight no more, being in no sense of the word hogs, and knowing that they had had quite enough.

THE OFFICERS of the Montreal (Can.) Fish and Game Protection Club are: President, Mr. Kelly; vice-president, F. J. Brady; secretary, A. N. Shewan; treasurer, W. S. Rintoul; committee, Messrs. McPherson, Lemoine, King, Normandeau, Wilson, Alloway, White, Fenton, Ahern, Sinclair, Leach, Bourdeau and Dupuy. A resolution passed asking the Provincial Legislature to prohibit Spring duck shooting.

THE TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB propose sending sixteen players to England in June. They will probably visit London first, going thence to Paris, and after looking at the sights in that festive capital will recross the Channel and visit Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast. The tour will occupy about two months.

JOHN KEEN, the English bicycle champion, has undertaken to give an unknown six miles start in a hundred-mile match, for £50 a side; the race to take place at Lillie Bridge, London, April 1.

THE CHAMPION BICYCLIST, John Keen, defeated two trotting horses—Mr. Argent's Prince and H. Maynard's Kit—in a twenty-mile race at Lillie Bridge, London, Eng., Jan. 21. It was an easy win, Keen not doing his best at any part of the journey, and winning by 150 yards. The victor's best mile time was 3m. 25s., and the total, 1h. 13m. 30s.

A CHESS CLUB has been organized at Evanston, Ill. Officers: President, Geo. Lunt; vice-president, John Childs; secretary and treasurer, Clarence Paul.

THE ST. ANDREWS CURLING CLUB won the Grand National Club medal, in a match at Albany, N. Y., Feb. 6, by six shots. St. Andrews scored 65, Albany 59.

A CURLING MATCH, between the Toronto and Buffalo Clubs at Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 7, was won by the latter; score, 20 to 17.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

HERR MAURICE NEVILLE, a young actor whom some of the best Continental critics have not hesitated to prefer to Salvini, recently arrived in London, bearing a letter of introduction from the Queen of Denmark to the Princess of Wales. He speaks English with but a slight foreign accent, and uniformly refuses to perform in any but classically poetic pieces—Shakespearian plays being preferred. His greatest success hitherto has been in "Othello." We understand that no arrangements have yet been made for his public appearance.

MISS FANNY JOSEPHS was compelled by indisposition to temporarily resign to Miss Rose Massey the principal female role in "The Pink Dominos" at the Criterion Theatre, London.

FRED PAYNE'S mental condition causes much anxiety to his friends in London.

"FATHERLAND" has been withdrawn at the Queen's Theatre, London, where Mrs. Clara Rousby appeared Feb. 2 in "'Twixt Axe and Crown."

Australian Show News.

MELBOURNE, Dec. 31, 1877.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* At the date of my last communication "The Pink Dominos" by James Albery was in full swing at the Academy. It was splendidly played throughout, and well merited the applause bestowed by, I must say, rather thin audiences ..... At the Opera-house the Soldene Opera Bouffe Company had an excellent season. Two nights prior to the closing of their season Miss Rose Stella made a bolt of it to Sydney, where she is now playing in the pantomime. Hallon had a hand in the transaction, and thus secured for his principal, Samuel Lazar, one of the most piquant little burlesque and opera-bouffe actresses we have yet had in the colonies. At the close of the Soldene season the house was shut until the pantomime ..... William Creswick's successful season at the Academy of Music, where he played to crammed houses near one hundred consecutive nights, was followed by a series of emotional dramas, "Leah" and "East Lynne," and the comedies of "Masks and Faces" and "London Assurance," in which Mrs. G. B. W. Lewis appeared in the principal female parts. On Dec. 25 the New Princess' Theatre, which has been almost entirely rebuilt and decorated by L. M. Bayliss (husband of Mrs. Mary Gladstane), who is also lessee and manager, with his clever wife as directress, was reopened with a grand concert, in which Mrs. Howitz, Miss St. Clair, and Messrs. J. Rainford and Armes Beaumont took part. On the following evening the regular season commenced, with Baker and Farron as the stars, who opened in "Conrad and Lizette." They proved a failure. The houses they have drawn have been very poor indeed. Next week they intend to produce "Struck Oil," with Baker as John Stoefel and Farron as Lizzie. The company engaged at this house is very good, and includes Mesdames Maggie Knight (a new importation), Annie Appleton, and Kate Foley and Mrs. Lachlan McGowan, Messrs. W. South, E. B. Russell, Lachlan McGowan (stage-manager), Boothman, Harry Power, Charles Lewis, Dunn and Benson ..... The pantomimes this year are, as a whole, far below expectation, and greatly inferior to those presented in times past. What with the immense competition of four theatres (Royal, Academy of Music, Opera-house, and the new Princess Theatre), one Music-hall (St. George's Hall) and Cooper & Bailey's Circus—matters are not looking very lively for managers. The prices of admission are coming down, thanks to Mr. Lewis at the Academy, and to-morrow (New-Year's Day) the Royal will throw its doors open thus: Dress-circle, three shillings; stalls, two shillings; upper circle and pit, one shilling and gallery, sixpence. How is that for high? At this latter house the pantomime of "The Forty Thieves," by E. L. Blanchard, has been produced. The great features in it are the splendid paintings by John Hennings in his panorama of the "Turko-Russian War," and the clever drowning of Bland Holt. The burlesque is a very mild one, the localisms being very insipid. The characters were thus cast: Ali Baba, C. R. Greville; Ganem, Miss Ella Carrington; Cassem Babe, Sterling White; Cogia Babe, C. H. Taylor; Morgiana, Miss Lottie Graham; Abdallah, Miss Florence Neville; Hassarac, John Crowe; Cadi Baba, Bland Holt; Zuleika, Miss Jenny Bryce, etc. The harlequinade is the best we have had in Melbourne for many years. Bland Holt is clown; Joe Tolano, pantaloon; Mlle. Rosine (Mrs. Harry Sefton), Columbine; Monsieur Massartie, Harlequin; and J. Ceasar, Bobby. The transformation scene "The Four Seasons" may fairly be reckoned among the many masterpieces by Mr. Hennings as a scenic-artist ..... The best burlesque is without a doubt that of "Robinson Crusoe" at the Academy. It is splendidly mounted and well played. The scenery by Charles Massey is exceedingly good, and the songs and dances by the members of the company very pleasing. Mrs. Lewis as the hero looked to perfection. Magnificently dressed, she threw her whole soul, as it were, into her part, and mainly assisted in the success of the burlesque. The cast was: Robinson Crusoe, Mrs. Lewis; Friday, Fred Thorne; Jem Cocks, Harry Daniels; Will Atkins, H. Douglass (a capitally played part); Wal-ho, Hans Phillips; Sheriff, Mr. Forbes; Citizen, Mr. Ingles; First Pirate, Mr. Marshall; Polly Hopkins, Mrs. Maud Walton; Angelica, Miss Minnie Fischer; Ylang-Ylang, Miss Jessie Grey; Gig, Miss Lizzie Dixon (Mrs. Lance Lenton); Opposonax, Miss Ruth Grey. Crowded houses have most deservedly met this burlesque every night ..... With the burlesque at the Opera-house I am greatly disappointed. "The Sleeping Beauty" is the name. The clever Salsbury Troubadours are in the cast, and they perform very well, but all of them seem out of sorts—round pegs in square holes! The singing and dancing of Nellie McHenry and Blanche Corelli, and the comicalities of Johnny Gourlay and N. Salsbury are deserving of all praise, being well given under depressing influences. The scenery is in Mr. Hubbe's Hubbe-ist style, and worthy of commendation. The characters in this production are thus distributed: King of Ultimathule, John Webster; Rosabella, Miss Blanche Corelli; Florimond, Miss Nellie McHenry; Cachadaley, John Gourlay; Mrs. Sairey O'Gamp, N. Salsbury, supported by Messrs. John Forde, G. A. Johnson, J. Hogan, Mrs. J. H. Fox, Kate Ramsden, Blanche Leopold, A. Farley, John Dunn, Miss Gertrude Graham, Sara Forde, etc. ..... For a deliberate insult to the amusement-loving portion of the community the burlesquinade at the Academy stands pre-eminent. Two charming, dainty little ladies, Jessie Grey and Lizzie Dixon, are the Harlequina and Columbine respectively, and are the only redeeming feature; but the Clown—Carte, from the Coliseum—is vulgar, and becomes more and more so every night ..... St. George's Hall is occupied with J. C. Rainer's panorama of the American War, with Harry Hanley as manager and lecturer. E. D. Davies, ventriloquist, has been playing with success a short engagement here. This show will close with this week, to be followed by the appearance of Captain Hayward's Variety Troupe—Messrs. La Roche, Folloy and O'Neal, Brown and Newlands, Madames La Roche and Folloy, and Miss Leslie. After playing here they intend to go to Sydney, en route to San Francisco ..... Charles Pope, tragedian, returns to America by the steamer which conveys this letter. He is departing well with Arthur Scott Siddons and an excellent stock company are at present in Tasmania, playing to very good business ..... Richard Stewart (late lessee of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne) has three daughters Docy, Maggie and Nellie, is in Launceston (Tasmania), playing at the Institute in a piece written especially for them by Mr. Stewart, entitled "Rainbow Revels." On Dec 27 another member of the "sock and buskin" went to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns."

"Another link, one of the very last.

That joins the present generation with the past,"

was snapped asunder by the death of Mrs. Holt, better known in London as Miss Lydia Foote. The deceased lady survived her husband a very short time, who died in early summer. Mr. E. D. Davies, of the Holt-Foote company to travel through China and India, prior to returning to America ..... Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s Mammoth Circus and Menagerie is doing an immense business, but not quite up to what was anticipated. Up to this writing they have had their share of public patronage. They experienced a great loss lately by the death of their hippopotamus, which took place quite suddenly. Mr. Bailey feels the loss most acutely, as it was one of the main attractions of the show. Respectfully yours, CALL-BOY.

MUSICAL.

"LE CHAR," a little one-act piece by Alphonse Daudet and Paul Arene, music by Jules Pessard, was recently first produced at the Opera Comique, Paris. The curtain rises on a highly picturesque scene, in which we see on the left the house of Jacques Rose, "coaching" young Alexander of Macedon, and on the right a public washhouse; a trellis runs above, the road passes at the back of the stage, and in the distance, perspective Mount Ortyx, or any other classical hill you prefer, is seen in dim outline. Aristotle in a pretty duet is instructing his royal pupil in Pythagorean lore, when a little Bondman appears with her basket of linen on her shoulders. She is young and pretty, and when the philosopher inquires whence she comes, informs him glibly that she hails from "other parts;" a somewhat vague reply. And, indeed, to judge by her basket, she ought to be a Japanese, while her costume is decidedly Persian, and her language that of the French academy. Master and pupil both fall in love with her at first sight, and naturally agree to leave the stage together as the only way by which they can contrive to outwit the old washerwoman, returning alone to press their suit. Alexander gains the start, having of course lost his companion on the way, but he loses no time in winning the affections of Brisels, as the coquettish little laundress is called. He mounts the ladder, and in highflying her to spread out the clothes joins in an amorous duet, to which a very running accompaniment of kisses is heard. In the midst of the billing and cooing Aristotle arrives to surprise the pair of turtle-doves, and in savage humor at being defeated in his "little game" by his promising pupil, he declares that she will be sent into exile, and threatens to shut the Prince up and put him on bread and water, while he will write a full report of his progress to Philip. But the pretty laundress is not long in returning with her plan of revenge all ready prepared. Very little use of her seductions soon turns Aristotle's head, and induces him to promise her a car for the next day, as she is ambitious to emulate the splendors of the brilliant courtesans of her age. Brisels, however, dislikes procrastination, and insists on her car being ready that very day, but the philosopher objects that though he has the car ready at hand to offer her, there are no horses! "Take the bit in my teeth then," says Brisels, and at once drags the lazy little tyrant, and in another instant Aristotle is in the traces and pulling the car towards the road. Alexander, who has followed the whole scene from behind a wall, now springs into the seat vacant beside Brisels, and the philosopher is perspiring at every pore as a drawn sword flashes before his eyes. His anger can no longer suppressed, and he looks round to perceive to his shame that he has made himself a butt for the ridicule of his pupil and the laundress. At that instant a trumpet is heard, announcing the arrival of Nicky King to see his son. Aristotle is completely caught in the trap Brisels had so cunningly laid for him, and only escapes exposure to Philip on condition that he destroys a letter of complaint against his pupil and withdraws the threat of banishment fulminated against Brisels.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TESTIMONIAL TO A MINISTER DEPOSED FOR DEFENDING THEATRICALS.—A benefit to the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, on Jan. 23, says *The London Era*, a testimonial was presented to the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam (late curate of St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green), in the name of a large number of the congregation of the church. The occasion of the presentation of the testimonial—which consisted of twelve handsomely-bound volumes of Thackeray's works, fifteen volumes of Baring Gould's "Lives of Saints," and an illuminated address—was in consequence of the dismissal of Mr. Headlam from his curacy, after five years of earnest and faithful work among the poor of Bethnal Green, because of the lecture delivered by him in defense of the amusements given at theatres and music halls, on Sunday, Oct. 7 last, at the Commonwealth Club, Bethnal Green. J. Gaskin (secretary of a local workingman's club) presided at the meeting held at the St. Agatha's Working-men's Institute, Finsbury, and among those present were several clergymen, including the Rev. A. H. Stanton (of St. Alban's, Holborn), the Rev. J. W. Horsley, the Rev. Mr. Pike, and the representatives of a number of working-men's clubs. The chairman said that, having himself belonged in his early days to the theatrical profession, he could testify to the good character which many of them bore, and how few and rather churlish comments could be found than many of those who were now occupying high positions in the profession. It had been his privilege to have been acquainted with Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Mackay, Andy and George—the Olympic Theatre Company and Fanny Herring in drama FALSE COLORS. ARTISTS WISHING DATES WILL APPLY. 47-1t*

THE

BYRON SISTERS,

KATE AND NELLIE.

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**LOTTIE EL

A TALE OF A CODFISH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It was a frugal housewife, the mother of seventeen,
Who purchased from her grocer on every Thursday e'en
A codfish fat and tender, a codfish rich and rare,
As the most luxurious viand on her Friday bill of fare.

It was her jovial husband who worked at pulling wires,
And earned a scanty living building bon-election fires.
His eye was always open for "a fat thing from the city,"
Though the city gave him nothing (for a rhyme read "yum-ti-itty").

But while he was working the ticket, and attending primary meetings,
He got from the party candidate the warmest kind of greetings;
And when in the Tivoli Gardens they smiled together in th' entr' actes,
The candidate assured him of a sewer thing in contracts.

These people—you may have known 'em—had a popular name, indeed;
'Twas Smith, with John for a Christian-name; if the directory you should read
You'd find their various residences in ever so many streets,
On many directory pages (for another rhyme, read your keads).

It was of a Holy Thursday, on last Good Friday's eve,
The grocer showed the housewife what she scarcely could believe;
While seeing it, a codfish, fat and tender, rich and rare,
That laid over other codfish as a flush lays over a pair—

A codfish very like a whale, and like a camel, too;
'Twas like an elephant, likewise like a Western lady's shoe,
As the editor of a weekly sheet published in a neighboring town
Describes it, moved to hyperbole, to a scoff and a sneer and a frown.

"That fish will feed a family as large as that of Adam,"
Quoth the grocer-man right merrily; and "Send it round," quoth madame.
And she homeward fared with calculations mose intricate,
Revolving in her frugal mind of how much her family ate.

"'Twill make to-morrow's dinner and breakfast for a week,"
She thought, "and 'twill be cheaper than the cheapest kind of meat."
'Twas served up boiled for dinner, with boiled potatoes galore;
For potatoes are cheap from the vender, though dear at the grocery-store.

The husband ate right heartily, and fared him forth that night,
With a thirst that grew upon him till he reveled in pure delight,
And he bade barkeepers many to set up the good old rye,
And to hang up the shot in the closet till the next time he was dry.

And the barkeepers hustled their bottles and clattered the glasses out,
Till the strongest one grew weary, though stalwart he was, and stout.
And they chalked up the liquor he ordered till the largest slate was full,
And each gobiet he poured five fingers into he drained with a mighty pull.

And his friends—and he had full many—right manfully stood by him.
And each time he called for the whiskey, each man filled his glass to the brim;
And the scores of scores that he opened swelled up to a mighty total,
For right well he was known in the district, in every saloon—every "hotel."

He came home with a head upon him like unto the head of a bull,
And admitted, with just a suspicion of a hiccough, that he was full.
When Mr. Smith paused from her labors a making of many fish-balls,
As he went up the stairs, and asked him the reason for so many lalls.

All night long she stood in the kitchen a-moulding each fair fish-ball,
Till her fingers were weary, and day broke before she had finished them all.
Six hundred and two were the fish balls she counted with joy and prid-,
As the evening before a wedding counteth her stockings the bride.

I ween the refrigerator would scarcely contain them all,
And the dishes in every closet were heaped till she thought they'd fall.
That Saturday morning's breakfast consisted of fish-balls hot and fried;
Smith silently ate that breakfast, then "A-weary I am," he said,

"Of your everlasting codfish; I fain would have something else."
But the housewife's brow contracted, and the cost of the fish she tells.
"For eighty-three cents I bought it, that codfish rich and rare,
A dinner we had, and for breakfasts full many there fish-balls are.

When you get that city contract we can afford"—"No more of codfish, at the present," quoth
Groaned Smith, as he quietly opened the outside vestibule door.
Then all day long he wandered from barroom to saloon,
A-quenching his thirst full often, both morning and afternoon.

Day after day is repeated this programme o'er and o'er,
Till Smith he can get trusted not anywhere—no more.
All the profits of the contract, in which he'd set so much hope,
Were chalked on slates in barrooms, and Smith went to the bad.

But Mrs. Smith still reckons the saving that she made
A-buying of that codfish, and "ten hath she said:
"Before Smith died (the fish balls his house full well
On a great deal smaller allowance than I really care to tell."

D. A. CURTIS.

THE GREEN CURTAIN:
A STORY OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

CHAPTER VII.—ON THE WATCH.

The success of "Broadway" was now established beyond peradventure. The critics saw faults in the work—abundance of them—and were not slow to point them out; but the audiences did not trouble themselves very much on that score. *The Forum*, through its representative, Mr. Sammy Spring, declared that some of the incidents were indicrously improbable; but improbabilities are vastly entertaining sometimes, as we all know, and fiction might not be worth much without them. The only practical fault was an excess of dialogue, which a lead-pencil, at the rehearsal on the following day, easily remedied.

And now began a long run for this new and startling drama, as the bills phrased it, and Leslie reaped all the honors he had anticipated. In a week he had become pretty well used to his success, and began to see something of the other side of the picture. People came to him with plays to read, for his "frank, candid opinion." He forgot the story of the Archbishop in "Gil Blas," and gave that opinion, and had reason to regret it. His influence was asked by some to have plays accepted—something far beyond his power; others to put his name on the title-page of their productions, which he also declined to do. That success creates envy is rather an old theme, and Leslie soon found that he had many enemies, some of them bitter indeed, particularly those who had no earthly reason for being so. Their spite found vent in all sorts of ways, and his philosophy was not always proof against the malicious devices employed. He was struck at in the petty journals of the day, whose paragraphs sometimes concealed a sting that poisoned deeply; and he also experienced the keenest sensations of praise from ludicrature and ridicule.

A horde of persons who had favors to ask haunted him, and among these he met only one in whom he felt any particular interest, and who did not seem unworthy of it. This was an acrobat by the name of Mandolini—a very handsome young fellow, who, however, was in bad health and out of an engagement. One morning he presented himself at Leslie's door and asked to see him on particular business, sending in his card. It is impossible to refuse everybody, and Leslie saw him. What his business was we already know—he wished the rising dramatist's influence in procuring employment.

"My dear fellow, that seems a rather peculiar favor to ask of me. What possible influence can *I* have? I do not know anyone in your profession sufficiently well to expect a wish of mine, in the direction you refer to, to be granted, however agreeable doing you this service would be to myself."

"Everyone knows you now, sir," responded the other, with the pallid smile of a man in distress, "although you do not know everyone. A little word of recommendation would speak volumes."

"But how could I justly recommend you when I have never seen you perform? That is to say, supposing my recommendation would be of use, which I do not admit."

"I have been at my business a long time, and understand it. If that does not prove to be the case, the manager will, of course, discharge me after the first trial. During my illness I have prepared a new act, which will make a great success."

"But, you see, so many of these new acts are guaranteed to make a great success which do not, and the managers grow dubious," said Leslie, laughing.

Pleasing is the sensation of power. He could not help feeling a little interested in the acrobat who seemed to so confidently depend upon him. Mandolini described his new act, which was certainly wonderful enough, and Leslie promised to do what he could for him, and sent him away in high hope. The simplicity of the young fellow had made an impression which took a more practical guise than mere words. Leslie really did exert himself, and at length succeeded in getting him an opening at an establishment called the "Mansion of Momus," where his new act, performed in conjunction with a certain Mademoiselle Zephyrini, actually made a sensation. Mandolini's gratitude was unbounded, and he expressed it in every way, and, finally, in one of such delicate character as to be embarrassing. He took his benefactor into confidence, and told him he was in love! Leslie was very much amused; but to have shown it might have wounded poor Mandolini, who, as we have seen, had the innocence of a child. He was in love with the young lady who acted as M. Foinard's housekeeper, Miss Clara North. He had met her only once, and this was at a ball; but she had made a lasting impression on his heart, and he had written several letters to her admitting the fact. She, however, did not reciprocate his affection.

During the run of his play, Leslie found himself behind the scenes for a few minutes nearly every night. With Rose Aylmer he never exchanged anything more than a bow. M. Foinard was always present and frigidly courteous as on the day of the rehearsal. One evening, however, Leslie was standing in one of the left-hand entrances, with folded arms, dreamily watching the stage, but seeing nothing that passed there, thinking of quite other things, when, before he could withdraw, Rose came off and met him face to face. It was one of those situations in which one is obliged to say *something*, no matter what. An impulse seized him—a daring one.

"Rose, we have a minute together—an opportunity that may not come again—and I *must* speak."

She paused, her eyes downcast, a little flush in her cheeks.

"Can you forgive me?" he pleaded. "You know I was mad, and not myself. One folly—a terrible folly; but the only one of which I was ever guilty—will not be remembered against me all the remainder of my life. You are too good, Rose. It is not in your nature to be merciless."

He marked that she had not resisted, even with the shock of surprise, but stood there, hesitating and uncertain. Beautiful she looked. He could have fallen at her feet had they been alone.

"You will not let me plead in vain, Rose," he said, with ever so melancholy an accent. "My fault, you know; but you can never know the bitter penance I have done for it. A crime is one thing, a folly quite another. Do not condemn me to a whole life of wretchedness for a single act of madness."

A little artificial were these words, but never was man more in earnest.

"I never was angry with you, Leslie," she answered. "But I do not think you quite realize even yet to what you exposed me. My bitterest enemy could not have chosen a more terrible means of revenge than that which your thoughtlessness led you to adopt. My husband is a man of peculiar character, and there are certain things which, to minds like his, cannot be explained away."

"Does he suspect—has he an inkling of what occurred?" asked Leslie, with sharp suddenness.

She raised her eyes and met his for the first time.

"Why do you ask?"

"I thought I had observed a slight change in his manner towards me."

"Was it not merely fancy?"

"I do not think so—I am sure not," he replied positively. "There is an intuition about these things, and, to say the truth, somehow I could feel his coldness."

"It may have been preoccupation."

"No; there is a change, and he intends it. Be frank, Rose. You have suspicions."

"Well, I do believe someone must have seen you that night."

"Why do you think so?" he asked anxiously.

"Because I also have observed a change in his manner towards me. It is a humiliating confession for a wife; but I am afraid he watches me."

"And this is my doing!"

His penitence touched her, for she said:

"You must know the reality of my friendship when I remind you what my duty was. I should have told M. Foinard everything."

"Yes; but, like the angel you are, you spared me."

Both standing in the wing and facing the stage, neither had observed what passed behind them. Leslie, raising his head suddenly, became conscious with the corner of his eye of a stern face peering over his shoulder. He turned instantly, and there stood M. Foinard himself. Rose observed him at the same moment, and the slight flush in her cheeks faded to pallor, and she trembled a little. It was a moment of breathless uncertainty and silence. The face of M. Foinard was perfectly white and motionless. His lips were set, and his dark eyes sunken in their sockets. That he had been on the watch was only too evident. Had he overheard all—or anything? Leslie recalled his self-possession, and said, with such indifference as he could assume:

"A delightful evening, Monsieur Foinard."

"Quite, Mr. Thorne," he replied coldly. "Rose, are you not afraid of taking cold in this draughty passage? I think you had better go to your room. You are not on again in this act."

Without a word she passed between them and disappeared, and her husband immediately followed. Leslie felt unreasonably vexed and annoyed. It seemed to him that Foinard's conduct was deliberately insulting. His cheek tingled as if he had received a slap in the face, and never had he experienced such hatred towards anyone as now mingled with this indignation he felt for that cold, quiet and somewhat mysterious Frenchman.

He was miserable and restless, and wandered about without any definite purpose; but all the while a voice within seemed to be asking:

"How will this end?"

But, beneath this savage dislike and anger, was there not still another feeling? Beautiful Rose, whom he had once so ardently loved, lost to him now forever! Chained to so unhappy a fate! Oh, curse of marriage—a marriage like this! Such thoughts are dangerous, and unwise is he who does not put them by.

The atmosphere of the theatre Leslie could endure no longer. A few weeks ago the applause of the audience, as their feelings were stirred by the magical power of the scenes his imagination had created, was the sweetest music his ears had ever drank in. He thought he should never grow tired of so flattering a delight. But now, alas! even this had palled upon him. The repetition of the same thing had grown insufferable. What a mockery was success, after all! He left the house sick at heart. At the door his carriage was waiting. Charming was the night, just as M. Foinard had said. All the stars were out—how infinitely peaceful looked those distant worlds!

Arcturus red; the Northern Cars;
The Hyads moist; Orion bold,
His armor on of burnished gold.

For a minute he stood on the curbstone, his hat in hand, debating with himself whether a walk would not do him good. It might calm this inward fever. But no—the mind only was active—the physical energies in a state of torpor. He got into the vehicle, and ordered the man to drive home.

He had left his lodgings some time ago, and now occupied more imposing quarters—an establishment all to himself. How lonely the house seemed, and the door almost burst him with a reverberating and dismal clang. Straight up to his room he marched. A chill struck through him as he entered it, and his heart ached at the mournful solitude. The pale, sweet face of Rose Aylmer took shape before him out of the empty air. Always that same sad smile, as if she had missed some long-dreamed-of happiness that now, alas! could never be hers.

"O pitiless, mocking fate! Would this room be so lonely and dark with you in it, Rose? We have both won all we coveted that the world can give—is there nothing higher? Has not fortune paltered with us in a double sense—keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope? The gilded apple we have—is it merely ashes?"

Sleep? Who could sleep with these flames in the brain? And yet there must be a lull, or madness would follow.

To a little escritoire he went and unlocked it. Among the treasures there he found a small vial of cut-glass, with a pretty silver stopper. A vengeful demon lives in this crystal prison—beware to awake him! It is done! For the first time Leslie Thorne has tried a resource for sleep and temporary oblivion to which he has never had recourse before. To his bed he goes, and in a few minutes he's quiet, in a trance like that of death.

CHAPTER VIII.—RANDOCE AND HIS SECRET.

A great change has come over Ma'amme Randoce, and that stout, dark, vivacious little woman is no longer herself. Her neighbors feel concerned about it, and there is gossip among them. Madame Randoce has not smiled for a fortnight—since, in fact, that morning when her husband went away without kissing his family or saying a single word of farewell. The poor lady's eyes are often red—from cold, according to her own account—and she is haggard and a little feeble. What about those pretty French songs she used to sing nearly all day—such quaint tones—and particularly that one which was always on her lips during the previous absences of Monsieur Randoce?

Ces deux messieurs, qui sont absens,
Nous sont cher de bien des manieres;
Ce sont nos imis, nos amans,
Ce sont nos maris et nos freres,
Et les peres de ces enfans.

She had never known, perhaps, anything of the strange and famous man who had put these words to music, but their tender sentiment was pleasing to Madame Randoce, and applied to her own situation. But now, she sings neither that nor any other song. *Le pere de ces enfans* is away, and parted with her in anger, and in his bosom carried a dark secret, the first since their marriage.

Mournful is the air of the Randoce cottage. Old Mr. Septimus Thorne on his way to the post-office of a morning, or to meet the evening train, never stops for a chat now. His grave bow is returned with a civil "Good-morning, monsieur," and the little dark lady who vouchsafes it shows very distinctly by her manner that at that point the interchange of courtesies must terminate. He also, as well as the neighbors, is puzzled and very curious. He would like to investigate this matter, which does not, it is true, concern him; but gives him perplexity and unlimited range in the misty regions of conjecture.

Dark are the days with madame. Sometimes when the whistle of the train blows she goes to the window and looks out expectantly towards the summit of the hill leading from the station; but the gray head she is thinking of never appears above it. Late into the night she sews in the solitude of the small kitchen, and does not always sleep when she retires to her pillow. She is breaking. Will not age at length tell? Her step is not so sure and as light, and often she puts her hand to her heart to recover breath—or is it to quiet some aching there?

So have passed dreary weeks. It is evening, and the red sun is going down in a mass of flame, and all the little birds are at their vespers. The crows fly to the rooky wood with dismal cawings, and the shadows are at their longest wherever the eye turns to measure them.

Madame Randoce is pensively knitting a stocking, while her daughter tries to light the fire in the stove. A very pretty girl is ma'amselle, with her coal-black hair and eyes and sweet Brittany face. Lithe and graceful is her figure as she leans over, watching the growth of the flames she has just ignited, as coolly, perhaps, as she will one day watch the beginning of another sort of conflagration in the bosom of some helpless young man.

The two boys are playing in the garden. They have found a toad, and alas! I am afraid he wishes himself in the situation of his Shakespearian relative, living upon the vapors of a dungeon, rather than where he is. Every acrobatic performance of which he is capable he has performed, and now lies in a state of exhaustion on his back, imploring mercy with all the mute eloquence an attitude can display.

"Mamma," says Ma'amselle Eulalie, looking up from the stove, "you seem very unhappy. If papa were to come, would you not go out to meet him as usual?"

"No, child; Monsieur Randoce, your father, must be the first to speak to me; and even then I shall not forgive him."

"You will *never* forgive him?"

"Never!" declares madame solemnly. "He deceived me."

"It is very sad," sighs pretty Eulalie, leaving her fire, which is burning merrily now, and crossing over to the window. She has scarcely looked out before she exclaims: "Oh, here is papa!"

Madame Randoce is no longer sitting in her chair. The stocking and knitting-needles have been thrown away, and she has flown into the garden; and as Randoce, dusty and tired, enters at the gate, her arms are thrown round him, and her face is on his shoulder. His children have rushed forward and cling to him, and for a minute he stands still, with tears in his eyes. Tears of joy, no doubt, and yet his face is contracted as if with some dreadful inward agony.

"You have returned, my poor Alphonse!" exclaims his wife, sobbing all over his coat. "Oh, I have been so desolate! But you must come in, and the supper will be prepared instantly—and you are hungry, starved—don't deny it, for I know you are! And, Eulalie, be quick—he is famished—and we must kill one of the fowls—the gray hen; she has grown old and foolish, and is fit for nothing but to be eaten. Find your father's slippers, Francois, and get his other coat, and run, Etienne, and bring his chair from the front-room."

And so on bustled Madame Randoce, breathlessly pouring out her words, holding her good-man by the hand and caressing it as she led him into his house. She was happy again, and the old light had come back upon her comely face, and the accustomed alertness to her step. As she hastened from point to point, preparing the supper, she sang in an undertone one of the old songs, and once broke down and furtively put her apron to her eyes for, a second but instantly went on again with the remainder of the verse.

Randoce looked more worn and haggard than usual. A keen observer might have detected inward trouble in his wrinkled countenance. His hair seemed to have grown whiter even since the last few weeks, and there was hardly as much of it. A little abstracted he appeared, although he did his best to conceal it, going out with the boys to look at the marvelous toad, who, to their dismay, they found had improved the opportunity afforded by their absence to escape; and in many ways this *pere prodigue* endeavored to make himself agreeable and atone for his long escapade; but, on the whole, palpably all this was an effort with him—a trial—a bore. For the dainty supper, to the general disappointment, he had little appetite, although he tried manfully to do justice to the venerable fowl which had been immolated in honor of his return. French skill in cooking had never prepared a more tempting dish than Madame Randoce's stew; but it could not excite the palate of the fatigued traveler.

"You are ill, Alphonse?" said she, frightened.

"Not ill, Euphrosyne; but very tired. I shall retire early and have a long night's rest."

He does so. The little cottage is very quiet by nine o'clock, and madame sits by the fire sewing, purring softly to herself, and happier than she has been for many a day. It is a mistake to suppose that she has forgotten the episode of her husband's previous visit, which led on that occasion to his sudden departure in anger with her. She is ruminating on that very subject now. Will he clear up the opaque complexity on the morrow, or will he still continue to keep silence? Assuredly he will not, if she can help it.

Is he sleeping quietly? She takes the lamp and steals softly into the adjoining room. There he lies in the deepest slumber, his arm thrown above his head. His face is very pale, and looks strangely old and sunken, and his thin, gray hair strays along the pillow. He stirs, and is dreaming. Something he mutters brokenly, and a low moan escapes him. His wife listens, trembling a little.

"My secret!" he gasps. "The world does not suspect. The torture I suffer, who can measure it? Ever on the watch, ever in dread! When death comes all will be exposed; but not till then. The long days of dread, the sleepless nights of vigilance, all to preserve a secret that devours my heart!"

She stands there appalled. He *has* some dreadful secret after all! Every word of this confession has reached her ear and seems to reverberate like thunder in her brain. What shall she do? Rouse and confront him with these broken phrases uttered in sleep, in the agonies of a dream—these formidable sentences in which he has admitted vague and frightful guilt? Or let him sleep on till the morning, and question him then? Her eye falls on his coat, which is hanging over the foot of the bed. Instantly her fingers pounce upon it, and she quickly searches the pockets, and in one of them she finds a letter. No envelope contains it; the simple missive is there, carefully folded together, and without the marks of handling. She places the lamp on a stand and proceeds to greedily read the document before her. It is to the following effect:

SIR: That which you think is a secret is known to me, and it has been my duty, since I was installed how to act, although, rightly speaking, there was never but one course before me. Were you alone involved, I should not have paused one moment; but I must think of others, and particularly of myself. If you had your deserts you would not be alive to-day. These words I write simply that you may understand I am not as much in the dark as you imagine. What my next step shall be depends upon circumstances. Meanwhile, remember that you are under the vigilant surveillance of ARMAND FOINARD.

At the moment Madame Randoce finished reading this mysterious epistle, the stern and terrible voice of her husband rings in her ear.

"What are you doing there?" he demands.

He has risen, and now approaches her. His face is as white as death, and convulsed with rage. This is the second time she has seen him angry, and the sight paralyzes her.

"How dare you steal the letters from my pocket while I sleep?" he exclaims. "Infamous woman, you have not had the boldness to read the contents of that paper?"

"Alphonse, are you mad?"

"Answer me—have you read it?"

"Yes."

It is just a turn of the die, perhaps, whether he will strike her. His fingers are clinched and a dreadful menace glitters in his eyes. She is too much afraid to face him, and steps backward.

But he thinks better of it, and stands watching her and waiting for her to speak.

"Who is this Foinard?" she asks. "What is that secret of which he writes? Are you in his power, as this seems to show?"

"I am in his power, Euphrosyne," he replies, having by this time quite recovered his self-possession. "It will be of no avail to conceal the truth any longer."

"Who is he?"

"He is a gentleman connected with the theatres of New York, and very well known—a native of our own country."

"And the secret?"

"I cannot tell you that; but some day you will doubtless learn all. It is a terrible mystery, my wife—do not seek to penetrate it, if you love me, for it may bring ruin upon us both."

He spoke with a melancholy resignation and the accent of truth. But mingled with them both she perceives the dogged resolution to still keep her in ignorance of the nature of his secret, whatever it be. A sad hour it is for her. All her life she has loved and trusted this man without a momentary doubt or question. Never before had the shadow of suspicion fallen upon the purity and simplicity of his career. But all that confidence is now forever gone. A darkness has risen between them—the darkness, perhaps, of crime—and in this gloom, trembling with apprehension, she must henceforth live.

"How long has this secret hung over you, Alphonse?" she asks. Her tone has changed from one of anger to pity.

"For years. You remember that I was a long time in this country before you followed me. Something occurred during that interval—a fatality—by which I fell into the power of this Monsieur Foinard; but there was no real danger until of late, and there is, in truth, no danger even now, if we have care."

"O Alphonse! you *can* tell me—you must. I share the danger; why not let me know where it lies?"

He shakes his head.

"That is impossible. You have already learned enough—too much. You see now how much happiness you have lost by remaining no longer in complete ignorance."

"Yes; I was so happy!" she sighs.

"Be so again. Do not think of this matter—it is one which concerns only me, and, whatever happens, *you* are safe."

"You will not go away again, Alphonse? I shall never feel safe while you are absent."

"I must. It is inevitable."

"You do not need any longer to make money," she pleads. "You have laid by enough to support us in comfort. This house is our own, and we may lead a quiet and contented existence here together. Do not refuse, my husband."

"There is no choice. Have I not said that I am not my own master? A change in my habits might be destruction. If you knew the fatal web of circumstances which immeshes me, you would not advise this."

His words are enigmatic, but terribly sincere. There remains nothing but to resign herself to the situation. He perceives that she has accepted the pitiless decree of Fate, and takes her hand.

"Promise me, Euphrosyne, that you will question me no more," he says, looking into her eyes with a melancholy smile. "Promise that you will not speak of this again."

"You wish it?" she asks with a peculiar intonation.

"I wish it."

"Then I promise." TO BE CONTINUED.

NELL GWYN.

COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY JAMES WIGHT.

Little is known of the youth of "pretty, witty Nelly," as quaint old Samuel Pepys calls her in his diary, except what is to be found scattered through the satires of the period. In his "Annals of the Stage," Dr. Doran says: "Nell was the town of them all, winning hearts through her jubilant career, beginning in her early girlhood with that of a link-boy, and ending in her womanhood with that of the King. Nell is claimed by the Herefordshire people. The gossips there little thought that a child so humbly born would be the mother of a line of dukes, or that her grandchildren would live in the house of her native town, and occupy for forty years the episcopal palace in close proximity to the poor cottage in which the archest of hussies first saw the light." Judging from such evidence as we possess, however, it is more probable that Nelly was born in a garret in Coal Yard, Drury lane, London, in the year 1650. Her father is believed to have been a Welshman—a Captain Gwyn, who died in prison at Oxford; and her mother, who bore the same name as herself, and was perhaps a native of Hereford, came to an untimely end by slipping into a pond attached to the house she lived in at Chelsea. Some authorities state that Nell began active life by hawking fish about the streets. She possessed a fine voice, which soon attracted attention, and while a little time she rambled about from tavern to tavern, where she sang to amuse the company, and earned a loose kind of livelihood. Then she became the assistant of a fruiterer, an , in pushing the business, became "the smartest and most audacious" of theatrical orange-girls, as familiar behind the scenes as with the pits and boxes in front, where her sweet clarion treble rang out: "Chase some oranges; chase some numpareils; chase a bill of the play!"—"chase" for choose, being the slang Corinthian of the gay period. So pretty, so impertinent, so piquant as she was, it was but natural that she should attract the notice of the actors; that Lacy should give her instruction, and that Charles Hart should fall over head and ears in love with her. She first appeared as an actress under the auspices of Charley, in 1668, in Dryden's play "Secret Love," and she continued to wear the buskin, with more or less success until 1672. She was a great favorite of "glorious John" Dryden, who gave her the most showy and alluring roles in his comedies to play, and wrote several prologues and epilogues expressly for her. Her forte was comedy. In an epilogue to "Tyrannic Love," spoken by her, she says:

"——— I walk, because I die,
Out of my calling in a tragedy."

From her beauty and accomplishments she was a prime favorite with all the dashing young men who frequented the theatre, and for a time she attached herself specially to Lord Buckhurst, who took her under his protection.

Meantime Nelly had fallen under the appreciative glance of the amorous eye of the second Charles—the royal prude and scapegrace of the Restoration. The more immediate cause of the notorious intimacy that eventuated is to be found in the following whimsical circumstance, which, while it marks the dissipated character of "The Merry Monarch," affords a curious photograph of the condition of the British stage and the standard of public taste immediately after the downfall of Cromwell. At the Duke of York's house, Nokes had appeared in a hat larger than Pistol's, which pleased the town so much as to render popular a very bad play. Dryden, whose necessities often compelled him to stoop to the whim of the hour, ordered a hat to be built with a circumference like large a tun-bellied butt. His favorite Nelly was low in stature, he had her speak an epilogue under this big umbrella-hat, with its brim stiffened and stretched out to its utmost horizontal extension. No sooner did she appear on the stage than the house was in convulsions. Among the rest, in that enthusiastic auditorium, the King gave her the fullest proof of his appreciation, and immediately after the fall of the curtain went behind the scenes, and took her home in his coach to sup with him.

This was in the first year of Nell's stage life. In the third year, May 8, 1670, she gave birth to a son, who was created first Duke of St. Albans on attaining manhood. A second son, born on Christmas-day, 1671, was named James, after the Duke of York, but died at an early age. The lineal descendant of the eldest son, William Aubrey De Vere Beauclerk, the present and tenth Duke of St. Albans, enjoys a pension of £6,000 a year as Hereditary Grand Falconer, besides $5,000 a year more as a compensation allowance—advantages due solely to the beauty and wit of this historic ancestress, whom Bishop Burnet, in his "History of His Own Times," speaks of as "a most wild, indiscreet and diverting creature." The present Duke's sister, Lady Diana De Vere Beauclerk, one of the most beautiful of English women, bears a striking resemblance to Sir Peter Lely's portrait of the celebrated Nell Gwyn.

In her dazzling career, which, to her loyalty, Nell never forgot her old friends, nor neglected an opportunity to do them a service. She generously paid off her debt of gratitude to Dryden, and at the same time became the warm patroness of the dramatic writers Otway and Lee. A writer of the period says anonymously: "She lived at a period when the stage was infested with lewd and bugbears, and seduction and adultery considered fashionable accomplishments. But, barring her being mistress to the King, we venture to pronounce her, from the whole tenor of her life, a most amiable individual, and, considering the age in which she lived, a highly meritorious and virtuous woman. That she preserved his character of fidelity to the King to the last, no one has ventured to doubt."

Nell was a neat little woman, with an elegant and voluptuous figure, a charming voice and a most fascinating air and manner. She was celebrated for her peculiar mode of dancing jigs, then as fashionable as waltzes or polkas have ever been since. Neither was she deficient in spirit. The ready wit of the imperfectly-educated orange-girl was more than a match for the pretentious dignity of Mlle. De Querouaille—afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth and mother of the first Duke of Richmond—who used to plume herself on her noble Norman birth. On one occasion, a prince of the blood in France having met the duchess in embryo appeared at court in deep mourning. Next day Nelly presented herself similarly attired. When asked why she wore crape and lawn, she naively replied: "Oh, the Cham of Tartary is dead; and he was quite as near a relative of mine as the Prince de —— was to Mlle. De Querouaille."

Madame De Sevigne's letters convey a vivid portrait of "Mademoiselle De Querouaille, now Duchess of Portsmouth, has not been disappointed in anything she proposed," she writes. "But she did not foresee that she should find a young actress in her way, whom the King dotes on, and she has it not in her power to draw him from her. The actress is as haughty as mademoiselle; she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humor; she sings, she dances, she acts her part with a good grace. The creature keeps the crown of the causeway, and puts the Duchess quite out of countenance, and embarasses her extraordinarily." She naturally bred nothing but envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness in the hearts of the other frail daughters of Eve whom Charles delighted to honor. Lady Castlemaine, for instance, as we learn from "The Memoirs of Count De Grammont," never applied to her any more respectful epithet than "that little gipsy of an actress."

One who could look through the veil in which her exceptional position draped her, and who could perceive and acknowledge the natural goodness of her heart, says she had "the peculiar merit of turning the original stream of her fortune from poverty and vice to rank and character." And though this must be taken *cum grano salis*, it is, nevertheless, to a great extent true. It is to Nell Gwyn, for instance, that the British nation is indebted for the establishment of Chelsea Hospital, built at an expense of £150,000, from plans furnished by Sir Christopher Wren, for the maintenance of old and disabled soldiers.

Thus far the notices presented have been for the most part friendly to Nelly. Let us examine one or two hostile to her.

That prince of garrulous diarists, Samuel Pepys, tells us, by the way, enjoyed a good deal of innocent dalliance with various pretty actresses at the playhouses, and passed a large portion of his time in very profligate society—notwithstanding his professed spooney admiration of his wife and her beauty, and his unremitting attention to business and money—relates the following incident apropos of Mistress Gwyn: "To the King's house; and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms; and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit; and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of 'Flora's Figary's,' which was acted to-day But Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loathe them! And what base company of men comes among them, and how loudly they talk! And how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange."

Bishop Burnet, who bore no great affection towards the fascinating little actress, speaks of her in these terms: "Gwyn, the most extravagant person that ever appeared in a court, remained in great credit up till the death of the King, and was supported at great expense. The Duke of Buckingham told me that when she was presented to the King she only asked him for five hundred pounds sterling, which he refused her. But, about four years afterwards, he declared to me that she had received from his Majesty more than sixty thousand pounds sterling. She played her parts with so much vivacity, and amused the King in such a way, that even a new mistress could not get her turned off; yet he never treated her with the decencies of a mistress."

The famous Dean of St. Patrick's, who, in his turn, detested Burnet, pertinently asks here, in one of the shrewd and malicious notes appended to the garrulous Bishop of Sarum's autobiographical history: "Pray what decencies are these?" A conundrum which the present writer "gives up."

Nell Gwyn resided in a house which is now No. 79 Pall Mall, and where she died of apoplexy in 1691, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-fields. Doctor Tennison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of England, preached her funeral sermon, and spoke eloquently of her charities, her sincere repentance, and her eminently pious end.

There is a bust of Nell at Bagnigge Wells, which, though badly executed, confirms the fidelity of Lely's pencil. She had remarkably lively eyes, but so small that they almost became invisible when she laughed. Her foot was of the most diminutive size—almost Chinese—and used to be the subject of much merriment to her royal lover.

"FIGHTING FOR THE BOWL."

When the bell of the chapel at the University of Pennsylvania tolled for prayers yesterday morning fully one-half of the four hundred or more students who were gathered in groups on the campus failed to respond. For the last fifteen years it has been the custom of the students to set apart a portion of the first day of the Christmas vacation for a "bowl-fight," a sport which is regarded as a friendly method of giving vent to the rivalry existing between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The former obtain a bowl, usually made of cherry-wood, about two feet in diameter, for presentation to the Freshman who receives the lowest honors.

The presentation is regarded in the light of an insult by the Freshmen, and it is rejected by the proposed recipient. The Sophomores then attempt to capture this individual with the object of seating him in the bowl and carrying him in triumph around the neighborhood. The Freshmen assume the defensive and a vigorous fight for his body ensues. If his colleagues outnumber the Sophomores they run him outside of the university grounds to a place of safety, after which they return and continue the battle for the possession of the bowl. This year the lowest honors were divided between Fox in arts and Lewis in sciences, and the unusual fact of there being two bowlmen gave the Sophomores additional zest for the annual fray.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when the Freshmen, who wore red ribbons in their button-holes, emerged from the main entrance of the building, closely hemming in the two bowlmen. Their opponents who were waiting on the outside, at once charged the throng, and an indiscriminate melee ensued; but the Freshmen were in the majority two to one, and succeeded, after a hard struggle, in the two unfortunates out of the grounds to neutral territory. Then the fight for the bowl commenced in earnest. The Sophomores found allies in the Senior Class, and the Juniors fraternized with the Freshmen. For the first half hour the sport was comparatively tame, the cat playing with the mouse. Then both sides warmed to the work, and as the spectators hustled about the ground buttons and ribbons could be seen in all directions. After fighting for about an hour the Sophomores gained a slight ascendancy, and this aroused their opponents to renewed exertions. Coats, vests and even shirts were torn from each other, and before long the janitor of the building was watching a large pile of garments which had been rendered forever worthless to their owners.

By-and-bye, as the strife waxed hotter, numbers of the contestants made a temporary escape from the scene, bearing marks of their valor on their noses, cut lips, bruised chins and skinned knuckles. When the struggle was at its height some of the inhabitants of the neighborhood sent word to the Twenty-first Precinct Station-house that a riot was in progress at the university grounds, and Officers Reece and Black were despatched to the scene. On their arrival, however, they were made acquainted with the real state of affairs, and they speedily retired from the grounds amid a perfect Babel of ironical yells. The fight continued until 1 o'clock, when the Freshmen succeeded in breaking the bowl into four pieces. Then the crowd separated into as many groups and began battling for the possession of the pieces, and this continued until the disputants were thoroughly exhausted.—*Philadelphia Herald*, Dec. 25.

Mexican Cock Fights.

A correspondent, writing from San Antonio, Texas, gives the following particulars of the manner in which the Mexican residents conduct cock fights, which are among their most popular pastimes: "The scene of this amusement is laid in that delectable portion of San Antonio known as San Pedro, which is adjacent to another locality known as Chihuahua. These two sections are inhabited exclusively by Mexicans, and it is to this element that the sport owes its patronage. The fighting usually takes place on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Upon arriving at the pit you will find a yard about twenty-five feet square, with a fence about five feet high surrounding it, whereupon many of the spectators perch themselves. Facing the yard is an 'adobe' or clay house, which is the mansion of the proprietor. It is he who handles the cocks, holds the stakes, etc. The birds are never trained, trimmed, or put in condition for a fight; on the other hand, they are nearly all well bred, numbers of them being brought from Mexico. From any one of the twenty to forty Mexicans squatting on the ground, each holding a bird, a bird may be secured for a fight by paying the owner a nominal sum, usually about $2, for the use of the bird. As a chicken rarely ever survives a fight, this is very moderate. After having selected a cock, you offer to back him against any other present. The offer is almost invariably taken, the sum required being 'chipped in' by different ones present. Then the fun commences; but it is of short duration, the time required for a fight being scarcely ever over two minutes. You will understand this better when I explain the gaffs, which are, in reality, diminutive scythes. Imagine to yourself a piece of steel about four inches long and a quarter of an inch broad, perfectly flat, and the shape of a scythe, with an edge as sharp as a razor; then you will understand why so little time is required to despatch a bird. After affixing the spurs, the birds are teased for a while and then set together. In just about a minute and a half, or better, after about two 'flies' at each other, either yours or your opponent's bird is down on his back, with a gash about five inches long in his breast; the other bird stands over the fallen one for about a minute, and then, as is usually the case, falls dead. This is the sum total of a Mexican cock-fight. Everything is conducted fairly, and all bets honorably paid up."

AUNT 'LIZA WINS THE GOOD FIGHT.

"Doctor, is I got to go?"

"Aunt 'Liza, there is no hope for you."

"Bress the

relatives, or they'd
p you into an insane
ntinue your eccentric
ember, dear, that you
ng to do the part of
te of life. Bless your
een the matter?"

It's too long a story
y you are here alone?
ted to find here now."
terious Frank Brown,
ing the world upside
thing. He went from
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n the afternoon. My
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I've been on the verge
ever since; should
over the aforesaid
even temper, which
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and quarrel all by
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's Saratoga in very
afternoon, and left it
deavors to robe Eu-

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

The Divine William is said to have written that "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Perhaps, and perhaps not. There is a certain amount of perfume in a euphonious appellation. If it had been written "a nose by any other name would smell as sweet" we would agree with the writer, and we now call upon Richard Grant White and the rest of the Shakespearian commentators and scholars to inquire into the matter and let us know whether Billy really wrote "rose" or "nose." Who knows nose?

Speaking about names, take our town, for instance. Young is the oldest man in town, Olds is a mere boy, White is black, Black is white, Smart is the dullest fellow you ever saw, Green is no gawk. Reed don't know one letter from the other, and Wright makes an X when he writes his name. Rowe is no oarsman, Straight is as humpbacked as the traditionary Richard III., Bald is baldheaded, Briggs never goes to sea, Shipman is a tanner, and Farmer is a sailer. Pastor never preached, Waters is a dry sort of a fellow, Stout is slender, Weeks is the strongest man in town, Brown is gray, Gray is not, Steele never stole, neither is he ironical; Goode is a "bad customer," Nichols is rich and Gold is in the poorhouse, Porter *ails*, and Beers is "quite well, I thank you:" Street is narrow and Lane is wide, Queen is kingly and Mussey is a Quaker, Cannon remains at home and Guns goes off, Tom Thumb and Short traveled all last Summer as a giant with a sideshow; Elder is the younger and Younger is the elder, House married Barnes, and now that house is full of little *barns*; Glass is constantly in palms, and Paine was never sick a day in his life; Bull comes before Cattel, Cox crow at Day, Gardner has Flowers, and Rose Budd lives next door, Works works and Baker loafs, Mayer is constable and Constable is mayor, School is a dunce, and Buntze is a scholar. We expect a good crop at How, for Oates, Rye, and Wheat. Adam is here, but Eve is out of town. Egge, Lay and Watch are of the same set. No one deposits with Banker, Baker never baked, Shoemaker never made a shoe, Painter never painted, Carpenter is no carpenter, Barber never shaved a one, not even himself; Cook is no cook, Mason is not a mason, Butcher never butchered, and Plummer is no plumber, Waite never waits, Price is "without price," Iron keeps a saloon—of course it is a bar of iron; Wade has to wade, he can't swim; White, Brown, Green, Gray, Black and Lake are not men of color. Lent is not fast. We have a Deacon, Dean, Priest, Bishop, Church and Parish. Dey never dyes, but he's bound to die when his time comes. Lock married Key and then bolted. Berry is ripe. Copp is not on the police-force. Punisher never made a point "in all his born days." Knapp is a wide-awake fellow. In our midst you will find Parks, Meadows, Fields, Bushes, Woods, Glenns, Rivers, Lakes, Brooks, Caves, Hills, Trees.

Did you ever give a thought to the "Curiosities of Nomenclature?" Now, there was poor Green Berry, the circus-agent, who perished in the railroad disaster in which P. T. Barnum's advertising-car was wrecked. A funny name was his. Nick Roberts, the well-known advance-agent and manager, has named his little boy Robert Roberts, and if you will turn to the directory of any large city you will find numbers of Williams Williams, Thomas Thomas, John Johns, Isaac Isaacs, Frank Franks, Oliver Olivers, Charles Charles, James James, Richard Richards, Evan Evans, Stephen Stevens, Peter Peters, Matthew Matthews.

Lately we made note of what might be called uncommon or outlandish names, such as Outerbridge, Underdown, Stringfellow, Cruikshanks, Riddleburg, Dung, and some of the names of our German friends are enough to give one the lockjaw to attempt their pronunciation, and long enough to be spoken only in sections. A Green tree is a tradesman in Richmond, Va., and several Eukers are in business there. C. Dull is a ticket-agent in Charlottesville, Va. Chas. Stow, amusement advertiser and comic lecturer, includes "names" among other "casual inanimate things," and it must be confessed that the handles some unfortunate innocents have attached to them for life is enough to predispose them to suicide. John Bull used to keep a hotel at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and it was a "bully" good one, too." Kapp & Stix is the name of a firm in business in New York. Stix will probably make money if he *sticks* to it. Pickles and Sammon were lately wed at Amsterdam, N. Y. Pickled salmon! As miserable a wretch as we ever knew was named Jay, and his name was a satire on a wreck of humanity. Shall & Co. are New York confectioners. Mrs. Weiss came to her bier at last. Outhank is a queer name, but the owner thereof need not of necessity be outlandish. Doctor Dyer is the unlucky cognomen for a physician. Berry is a good name for an undertaker—it is so significant. Day is a bad name for a man who is never on time. The last we knew, Henry Stiff was an undertaker in Hudson, N. J. Bigger is a well-known name in Virginia, but the Biggers are no bigger than the Smalls.

Take your town, for instance; you are ruled by Kings, Queens, Earles, Dukes, Princes, Mayers, Burgesses, Constables. Your buildings are Castles, Houses and Barnes. For seasons you have Spring, Somers and Winter, and music by Harpers, Organs, Horns, Bells and Fyffes.

"THE FUN OF THE THING."—"It was on one Summer's day," when we chanced to meet Billy Gray, the Ethiopian comedian, who had his hair cut because he looked like Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Gray was filling an engagement at the Theatre Comique at the time, and, as a natural consequence, the conversation turned upon matters of professional interest, and he mentioned the fact that "some of the boys," who were wont of an evening, "after the show," to gather at Power & Kerns' to "smile and chat," had got up what they called "The Mulligan Guards," in the muster-roll of which the real names appeared of many professionals before the public under aliases. "And, by the way," remarked he who is always wearing of the Gray, "did you ever think of what names there are in the profession, and when you come to classify them how funny they sound? Now, for the fun of the thing," and he rattled off a lot, the ludicrous classification of which set everyone in a roar. Acting on Mr. Gray's hint, we have set down a few, after refreshing our memory by a perusal of the last issue of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER and its "Letter List."

The Seasons.—Andy Spangler, J. P. Winter, Alice Somers. *Points of the Compass.*—William West, Levi J. North, E. A. Sothern. *The Powers that Be.*—Tom King, Johnny Queen, Louie Lord, Milton Nobles, Edward Earl, Charles Barron, Marcus R. Mayer, Cool Burgess. *Horticultural.*—Marie Rose, D. R. Thorne Jr., George Garland, Bloom Brothers, Annie Daisy, Nat Blossom, George Primrose, Jake Budd, Mary Breyer. *Gunnery.*—Pete Cannon, Yankee Gunn, Minnie Loder, Fred Aims, Angie Schott, F. C. Bangs, Ben Dodge. *Ethics.*—Edwin Booth, Luclen Barnes, Charles H. Castle. *Time.*—Emma Day, George S. Knight, Charles Morningstar, Jack Noon, Charles Callender. *Watery.*—Frank Rivers, John T. Ford, Sam Pond, Harry Flood, Clinton Eddy, Thos. Waters, Emma Lake, Kitty Brooks. *Physiological.*—Tony Hart, Harry C. Head, William Foote Jr., Tom Thumb, Frank Marra. *Pisca'orial.*—Charles W. Fish, Charles Salmon, Lew Pike, Fanny Herring, Eugene Leach, Regina Dace. *Mineralogical.*—Dan Marble, D. W. Stone, W. W. Cole, Harry Slate. *Woods.*—Tony Oakes, Billy Birch, Harry Wood. *Typographical.*—Edwin Forrest, Kate Field, J. J. Parks, Emma Marsh. *Ornithological.*—Harry Martin, Oliver Wren, Harry Hawk, Thos. Canary, Burr Robbins, W. H. Crane, George Rooke, Alice Raymond, Alison Brown, Billy Gray. J. E. Green, Charles White, David Black, Jennie Hughes. *Nationalities.*—Effie Germon, Elwin French, Mrs. Jane English, Annie Irish, Elise Scott, John A. Moac, "Yankee" Robinson, W. R. Deutsch. *The Church.*—Tony Pastor, C. B. Bishop, Emma Abbott, Ada Monk. *Meteorological.*—Hyatt Frost, Walter Gale, E. E. Snow, J. A. Rainer, Millie Zephyr. *The Menagerie.*—Geo. L. Fox, Ole Bull, Edward Lamb, Rose Lion, Ella Badger, Chas. Coons. "*The Lay of the Land.*"—Harry Hill, E. F. Knowles, Tom Cons, La Mountain. *Products.*—John Lemon, Fanny Beane, Dan Rice, Jake Berry, Commodore Nutt, Ida Savory, Tom Peppers, Willis Cobb, Alfred Pease, Adelaide Cherie. *In the House.*—Augusta Chambers, J. Clinton Hall, J. S. Room e. *Fisheries.*—David A. Keyes, Yankee Locke. *On the Run.*—Billy Chase, George F. Ketchum. *Months.*—Fannie May, Lew June, August Seigrist. *Characteristics.*—John Wild, Edith Blande, Kitty Sharpe, Harry Smart, Crisp Sisters, Laura E. Dainty, Julie Keen, J. M. Cue, Lillie Swell, Mary Jack Looney. "*Out in the Street.*"—John R. Lane, Captain Rhodes. *Vehicles.*—Cal Wagner, Johnny Shay, Mary Carr, Thomas M. Cartwright, John Brougham, W. R. Brott. *Sports.*—Emma Hunter, Kate Fisher, W. W. Fowler. *Spiritualistic.*—James Sherry, B. C. Porter, H. Stout, George Barr, Ada Trait. *Anatomical.*—Valentine Love, Bessie Darling, Wm. Courtright, Isaac Sweet. "*By the Sea-beat Shore.*"—Harry Wharfe, Charles Seamon, Claude De Haven, Charles E. Helm. *Earthly.*—Dick Sands, Stanley Dust, Dr. Mudd. *Capillary.*—Robert Belr, Jane Coombs. *Light-fingered.*—Alfred Robyn, John G Steele, Fred Hooker. *Musical.*—C. J. Fyffe, Wm. Organ, Frank Bell. *Trade.*—Ernest Byne, Sells Brothers, J. C. Dunn, John E. Owens, Frank Mayo. *Quiz.*—Tom Riggs, Guy Family. *By the Side of the Stream.*—Cecile Rush, Roland Reed. *The Mill.*—Henry Miller, Charles B. Grisie, Sam Bolter. *Vocations.*—Charles A. Potter, John Weaver, Harry Miner, Clifton W. Tayleure, Tom Baker, Cooper Bros., Dan Collyer, G. C. Boniface, Tom Granger. *Incloseres.*—L. D. Pickett, Harry Wall, Henry Gates, H. T. Paddock. *Jewels.*—Charles Diamond, Mabel Pearl. *Tobacco.*—Ada Cavendish, R. L. Weed. *Condition.*—Ada Freeman, J. H. Slavin. *The Cards.*—Montgomery Queen, John Jack, Tom King, Harlz, Charles Diamond, "Ace" Berry, Kehoe, "King of Clubs;" Winner Sisters, Mamlin, "King of Spades." *The End.*—Robert Sturn, Henry Pratt, John Duff.

A SIAMESE THEATRE.

It was Saturday, October 3. I was quietly smoking my post-prandial cigar upon the piazza of the cosy little hotel in Bangkok, in that calm and delightful state of mind which betokens one at peace with his fellow-man and whose digestion is yet unimpaired. To me advanced a grave Siamese, with as much dignity as was compatible with an extremely dirty panoong and a pair of highly-tattooed legs, bare as when they first saw the world, and with a profound genuflection handed me a paper headed "Circular." "His Excellency Chow Phya Mahin," continued this document, "at the request of many of his foreign friends, will give a grand performance at his private theatre this evening, when all his performers will receive new dresses and be clad in a style of unprecedented magnificence. All His Excellency's foreign friends, and the foreign community generally, are invited to attend at His Excellency's house at half-past seven this evening, to witness the play." I had heard of Chow Phya Mahin as a wealthy old noble belonging to one of the most distinguished families of the kingdom, very friendly to foreigners, and so utterly devoted to the pleasures of the stage as to maintain at his own expense a theatre on a magnificent scale, well furnished with performers, wardrobes, and orchestra, properties, and stage machinery of all kinds. I determined to be present, and accordingly about seven o'clock proceeded in my boat up the crowded Menam to Mahin's splendid palace, situated near the International Court, nearly opposite Wat Chang. The floods up-country had swelled the river so far as to counteract the tides from the sea, and this enormous stream pours its libations into the ocean uninterruptedly throughout the entire twenty-four hours. So strong was the force of the current that it was with great difficulty that my rowers could propel the light boat up stream, and an hour was consumed in overcoming its power in the short mile intervening between the hotel and the palace. On arrival at the landing, a couple of grave attendants, each with a flaming torch in his hand, presented themselves, and with profound bows invited me to follow them. They conducted me to the rear of the palace and up the back steps into a large waiting-room, where refreshments were profusely displayed. From this room I was ushered onto a veranda at the far end (well supplied with cane-bottomed easy-chairs), from which the entire stage lay open at my feet. The theatre is built at the end of this veranda, the stage being on the ground about eight feet below the floor. The roof of the theatre is on a level with the roof of the veranda, and as flat as it can be made, the ceiling consisting of solid teak boards, planed and varnished. This gives a height to the stage of about 14 feet. You can imagine the acoustic qualities of a building like this, where a deal plank ceiling 14 feet high extends a distance of, perhaps, 100 feet in length, and, I should judge, about 70 feet in width. The roof covers the stage only; at the extremities, slanting eaves of galvanized iron extend some eight or ten feet, protecting the orchestra on one hand and chief officers of the noble's house on the other. These have seats furnished on a level with the stage. Outside of them the masses are allowed to gather and gaze on the beauties of the performance from any vantage-point they may make themselves masters of. I found the veranda appropriated to myself and the dress-circle of the affair well filled, and later on it became crowded. The venerable host occupied the principal seat in the centre, and around him were grouped several of the foreign consuls and their subordinates, with a fair sprinkling of the mercantile body and six or eight foreign ladies. Everybody was drinking tea, and their capacity for that beverage seemed fully equal to that of the old lady who excited gloomy apprehensions in the mind of the elder Weller. A programme of the performance was handed about for the edification of the foreign visitors, of which I subjoin a *verbatim* copy:

PROGRAMME.

PART 1.—Six Sashaboots and six Saphatidas (12 Siamese angels) come onto the stage. They entice each other to dance in different style for amusement.

PART 2.—Phra Pra Chow (one of the prettiest angels), knowing Sashaboots and Saphatidas were assembled for making mirth, descended through the air to join the sport. He entices them to dance in the attitude of a flying bird and in that of an Englishman-fighting.

PART 3.—Nang Makala (Goddess of Lightning), from whose person there proceeds a light as it were from shining glass, on this festive occasion, descended from her heavenly mansion, comes to the scene of mirth. She bids them dance like the figure of the Chinese Dragon, and she herself acted the part of Lau Kaw (enticing the dragon with a ball of glass). Then Makala bids the Sashaboots and the Saphatidas to dance and sing after the various modes of the Chinese.

PART 4.—Runmasoon, who has his abode in the clouds, descends to the place where the Sashaboots and Saphatidas are assembled. Runmasoon seeing the radiance proceeding from the person of Nang Makala, as it were the brightness of shining glass, and desiring the ball of glass she holds, pursues her with his hatchet, and throws his hatchet at her. The Sashaboots and Saphatidas and Phra Pra Chow assembled all fled to their heavenly homes, and Runmasoon continues to pursue Nang Makala for the glass ball.

Such was the announcement of the glories in store for us, and I impatiently waited the moment to break upon my view. The orchestra struck up, the dramatis personæ bounded upon the stage, and the affair began.

The twelve Siamese angels were certainly very pretty girls, with good figures; and their dancing would not have disgraced even the boards of provincial note. Their pleasing features were, however, seriously marred by the black hollow disclosed every time their lips parted, instead of the glistening pearls revealed by a smile of a Western damsel. This incessant use of the betel-nut, which, it appears, has spread even to heavenly circles, satisfactorily accounts for this difference. The dancing "in different style" to which they "enticed each other" proceeded, and the Chinese Dragon came to marvelous. Every limb, every infinitesimal portion of the human frame capable of movement in the twelve angels, moved together as if it were one entire mass swayed by some secret power which permeated every particle of the whole system. The piece performed was a local ballet, and though I cannot say much for the sweetness of the singing, yet it was quite in time with the achievements of the native band, whose roarings still fill my ears. The English dancing referred to in Part 2 was accompanied by the chorus of "Sally, Sally Water," if any of your readers know these delightful strains, which came to us from a harmonium, the native band being unequal to the accomplishment of the tune. The Goddess of Lightning made her appearance in due time, and under her entire control many charming figures were danced in the Chinese style, closing with the double fan dance, certainly one of the most beautiful terpsichorean feats I have ever seen. Each angel is provided with two of the common Chinese paper fans about the size of a fire-screen, and every movement and figure of the dance those twenty-four fans moved as if in one piece of machinery was concealed their entire propelling power. Those who are familiar with the wonderful use a Spanish Donna can put to, and the various significations that may be given to its every movement, can form some sort of an idea of the fascination to which a man would be exposed who faced a battery like this of twenty-four bright, sparkling black eyes, heightened by the dextrous use of twenty-four fans. A heavy growl from the bass instruments, a deep roar from the tom-toms, and native drums, and the angels with loud screams, square their yards and go to leeward with a rapidity one would scarcely think even their agility capable of. Who is this pleasant-looking gentleman who bounds onto the stage clad in a hideous mask with projecting horns, and brandishing a huge property-hatchet? This is Runmasoon, who dwells in the clouds, though, if one might judge from appearances, his last lodgings were in one of those huge, black ones, just tipped with red, which are seen occasionally just skirting the western horizon at sunset. The mouth of his mask gapes wide for a good bite out of an angel, but the celestials are too much for him, and he is left lamenting; disgusted by his want of luck, he executes a weird dance on his own hook, to the accompaniment of all the bass instruments, which lively measure affords the native element unbounded delight, though the teeth of every foreigner have been on edge for the last half hour. Makala enters, is duly "pursued," dodges the demon as a good many churchmembers who dabble in stock-gambling essay to do, but often not so successfully; and, as she disappears R. U. E., has the hatchet thrown at her. Again she appears; again the fearful scream of a female in distress breaks upon the ear. Despite her immortality, the sight of this terrible weapon, constructed of heavy drill and stuffed with cotton wadding, seems completely to unman her. A thrill runs through the audience, and the pop of a soda-cork is distinctly heard. The instruments grow fainter; they are now scarcely louder than a fair-sized thunderstorm immediately overhead; now they swell again, and one is under the impression that there is a second-class earthquake coming on in the next street. Suddenly the Goddess remembers her magic-ball. She presents it full in the demon's mask. He trembles; he yields: his hatchet falls from his quivering hand. With a loud laugh of triumph, the Goddess leaps over his shoulders and disappears through the S. E. The demon recovers, he springs to his feet, and roars with indignation. The perspiring band as much outroar him as human muscle exceeds in power the human lungs. With a bound, the demon disappears in the distance. The orchestra achieve an earthquake on the spot, and the ballet is over. With my ears singing with the peals of the tom-toms, I get into my boat; and, as the peaceful Sabbath dawns upon my couch and I fall into a heavy doze, in which the events of the past few hours again revisit my vision.

HE WAS A STRANGER.

He was a public reader and elocutionist, but a stranger in Oil City. He went into a furnishing-goods store to purchase a pair of stockings, and while the clerk was wrapping up a red pair, which he had selected, the strange man, with a vacant stare on his face, said:

"When shall their glory fade?"

"They'll never fade a speck," replied the clerk, a little surprised at the feeling which the strange man put into his question; "if they do, fetch them back, and I'll eat 'em."

Then, while putting the change back in his pocket:

"Oh, the wild charge they made!"

"I beg your pardon," said the clerk, a little nettled at the stranger's manner; "we have charged you twenty per cent. less than you can buy the same goods for in the city of New York; if they don't suit you, there's no need to cry over 'em; you alnt obliged to take 'em, you know."

But the stranger seemed oblivious to the presence of a second party. He placed the stockings in his coat-tail pocket, and passed out, continuing the rehearsal:

"——Noble Six Hundred."

THERE WAS A MAN.—The man who jumped into a briar-bush and scratched out both his eyes is put into German by *The Boston Advertiser:*

Es war em Mann in uns'rer Stadt,
Gelebrt war er wie Krauss,
Er hasseite auf sein' Brom beerbusch
Kratzt sich die Augen aus.

Und als er sah die Beiden aus,
Mit aller Kraft von Rein,
Si bespite er auf ein andern Bush,
Und kradzt sie wieder ein.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

POINT-LACE COMEDY.

The Fairy of the Frame, or the Frigid Froth of the Fiendish Father.

The unprecedented success which attended "The Vermilion Knight," first produced in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES, has prompted us to secure another point-lace comedy, alliteratively entitled by the author "The Fairy of the Frame, or the Frigid Froth of the Fiendish Father." As will be perceived, the name itself is enough to make the play a success; but there is a great deal in it besides the name. It is full of force, feeling and frolicsome fun, facetiously unfolding the follies and foibles of the fun-following fraternity. [Fraternity is not exactly the word there, inasmuch as there are more women in the cast than men; but the phraseology is used for the sake of alliteration.] The second above represented is perhaps the most effective in the whole play. Gathered together in one of the rooms of the castle—there is a castle in this play, and a king and a queen and several knights and bishops, but there is no such thing as putting its popularity in check—gathered together, we repeat, in one of the rooms of the castle, are the heroine, the cruel father, the unyielding mother, two faithful attendants, and a lady supposed to be able to foretell the future. This latter is seen at the extreme left, and may be readily distinguished by the matter-of-fact way in which she regards the phenomena. While the other figures in the group gaze in open-eyed wonder at the magic mirror, the fortune-teller takes occasion to look at the audience, and possibly to wink at some one of her many admirers. Without explaining in full the plot of this thrilling drama, it may be briefly said that the heroine loves; that the father objects; that the mother is passive; that the beautiful fortune-teller promises to reveal the future husband of the lovely maiden; and that to witness this revelation the characters have gathered in the chamber. At the introduction of the scene the frame is closely curtained. Both the lovely maiden and the cruel father place the utmost confidence in the fortune-teller. One is confident that she will disclose within the frame the rich but ugly lord; the other yearns to see the graceful figure of him she loves. While the eyes of all are riveted upon the frame the fortune-teller waves her hand, the curtains are withdrawn, and there—there—is the maiden's lover? Not at all. The rich lord? By no means. But a youth (who is of course a shapely young woman) whom the heroine had never seen, and yet whom in the end she marries.

WILL HIS LETTER BRING ME SADNESS?

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL AND MUSIC BY CHARLES BAKER.

Will his letter bring me sadness
From that land across the sea,
Or will tender words of gladness
Bring the sweetest news to me?
In my dreams I've heard him sighing
For his dear old home again;
Now, perhaps, he may be dying
Without one to ease his pain.
Chorus.—Will his letter bring me sadness
From that land across the sea,
Or will tender words of gladness
Bring the sweetest news to me?

Will his letter come to-morrow
From that distant, lonely isle,
Will its contents speak of sorrow
While I sigh for him the while?
All the day I hear him calling
For the one he loves so dear,
And his words are sadly falling
On my ever-list'ning ear.
Chorus.—Will his letter bring me sadness
From that land across the sea,
Or will tender words of gladness
Bring the sweetest news to me?

Will his letter tell of anguish
That is breaking his poor heart?
Must my darling lover languish
While the sea keeps us apart?
Longingly I wait the letter,
Wait the tidings sent to me,
That the news may break the fetter
Binding grief with hope and glee.
Chorus.—Will his letter bring me sadness
From that land across the sea,
Or will tender words of gladness
Bring the sweetest news to me?

Providence, R. I.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE BALTIMORE (MD.) MUSEUM.

L. Thompson of Baltimore sends us a bill of which we append a copy. The Museum was destroyed by fire Dec. 12, 1873, being at that time occupied as a variety theatre, and called the Theatre Comique. Thomas Walton was a vocalist and actor, who made his American debut in Boston, Mass., in the Fall of 1827, and about 1837 he returned to London, Eng., where he became the stage-manager of the Princess' Theatre. He died July 19, 1847, from the effects of medicine improperly administered during illness. Mr. Wells was probably the father of the benefiting, and we believe he died some years ago; Thomas A'Becket is in retirement in Philadelphia, Pa; Miss McBride died in this city in the Spring of 1846; the two Misses Shaw made their debut in America in this theatre during this year; we cannot say whether Charlotte is living or not; Josephine is now Mrs. John Hoey, and is in retirement in this city; Mrs. Timm died here Dec. 28, 1854; Master Henri and Miss Martine Wells were subsequently connected for a long time with the Ravel troupe. The latter married Leon Javelli, the tight-rope performer. Henri has been in retirement for some years; Mary Ann Gannon died in this city Feb. 22, 1868.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BALTIMORE MUSEUM, AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS,
Corner of Market and Calvert streets.
BALLET OPERAS AND VAUDEVILLES,
Under the immediate direction of
MR. WALTON.
FOR THE BENEFIT OF MISS WELLS.
On which occasion Mr. and Master WELLS will appear.
First night of
THE MAID OF MILAN.
Arranged in two acts expressly for this establishment.
ON MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26, 1839,
Will be presented the beautiful and affecting opera called
THE MAID OF MILAN.

The Duke Vivaldi	Mr. Reed
Rolamo (on this occasion)	Mr. Wells
Jocoso	Mr. Walton
Nimpedo	Mr. Benson
Claudio	Mr. Stanton
Clara, Maid of Mi-	
lan	Miss McBride
Nicolo	Mr. Brookes
Geronio	Mr. A'Becket
Fidalma	Miss C. Shaw
Pietro	Mr. Baulard
Vespina	Miss M. Tilton
Gulio	Mr. Clifford
Ninetta	Miss J. Shaw

CHARACTERS IN EPISODE.

Nobleman	Mr. Beck
Pelgrino	Mr. Reed
Wife of Pelgrino	Miss Warren
Leoda	Miss Wells

In the course of the piece the following music:
Opening—"Heyday!" Vespina, Jocoso and Chorus
Duet—"For shame, get you gone"..... Vespina and Jocoso
Song—"Home, Sweet Home"..... Clari
Trio—"Jocoso, make haste!" Geronio, Vespina, Jocoso, &c.
Song—"Mid pleasures and palaces"..... Leoda
Song—"Love is a Mischievous Boy"..... Vespina
Duet—"Don't you Remember"..... Vespina and Jocoso
In the course of the piece MASTER and MISS WELLS will dance (first time here)
THE SPANISH BOLERO.
To conclude with the second act of

FLORA AND ZEPHYR, OR THE FESTIVAL OF CERES.

MORTALS.	
High Priest of Ceres	Mr. A'Becket
Priests of the Temple	Messrs. Sherman, Baulard, Benson, Reed, Beck, Brookes and Clifford
Flora (a Nymph, afterwards Goddess of Flowers)	Miss Wells
Blue Bell	Miss Gannon
Hyacinth	Miss Shaw
Heartsease	Miss J. Shaw
Rosebud	Miss Warner
Carnation	Miss Warren
Violet	Miss Cross
Daffodil	Mrs. Kneass

IMMORTALS.	
Zephyr (God of Air)	Master Wells
Aurora (Goddess of Day)	Mrs. Timm

In the course of the act, the following music, scenery and incidents:

Flowery vale of Tempe.
The Mystic Dance..... by..... Priests and Nymphs
Minion of Flora and Zephyr.
Air—"Bounteous Ceres, bless the pair"..... High Priest
The Festival of Ceres.
Pas Seul..... by..... Miss Bell
GRAND PAS DE DEUX D'ACTION AND BALLET,
By Flora, Zephyr and Nymphs.
GRAND TABLEAU VIVANT.
Zephyr and Flora borne by the breezes, while she dispenses her favors on the earth.
Finale..... "Away to the Realms of Bliss."

Mr. Hooper, practical phrenologist, will examine heads every evening.

The saloon will be open at half past 7 o'clock precisely; the vaudevilles will commence at 8 o'clock, punctual.

Admittance to the saloon and museum, 50 cents; admittance to the museum alone, as usual, 25 cents. Children under ten years, when attended by their parents or guardians, half price.

WHOA DAR, NEBUCHADNEZZAR!

DEDICATED TO MILTON G. BARLOW, BY J. K. JOHNSON.

You better stop dat prancin'—
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar.
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin'—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa.
You needn't try to steal up—
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar—
An' lif' dat precious heel up—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa.
Chorus.—Nebuchadnezzar, whoa;
Whar is you tryin' to go?
I'd hab you for to know
I'se holdin' ob de lines.
At mule-tamin' I's no peer;
I'll break up all dis yer.
If it takes me half de year,
I'll cure you ob your shines.

Dar, dat's de way to do it—
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar.
He's comin' right down to it—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa.
Some folks dey would a beat him—
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar;
But dat would only heat him—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, etc.
Chorus.—Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, etc.

He minds me like a nigger—
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar.
He'd fotch a mighty figger—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa.
He's gentle as a chicken—
Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar;
An' soft as Injun cookin'—
Nebuchadnezzar, whoa.
Chorus.—Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, etc

ANOTHER THEATRICAL ALPHABET.

GALVESTON, Jan. 21, 1878.

ED. NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In the Introductory Overture of the latest CLIPPER appears a theatrical alphabet, with the remark that the writer had never run across one before; so the following, which I clipped out of some paper a few years ago, may be of interest to you.

Yours truly, JAMES S. CASSIDY, Tremont Opera-house.

The Alphabetical First Night.

A were the Actors I saw in the play;
B was the "Bosh" that I heard them all say;
C was the Cue they did not learn by heart;
D was the Dickens each played with his part;
E was the End—I rejoiced when it came!
F was the French, which suggested the frame;
G were the "Gods," who were loud in their wit;
H was the Hiss, that I heard from the pit;
I was the Int'rest, which did not increase;
J was the Jew who done brought the piece;
K were the Knaves, who applauded for hire;
L was the Little I found to admire;
M was the Mess they were in at the end;
N was the Needle who called for his friend;
O was the Order I brought in my hand;
P was the Plot I could not understand;
Q was the Quaff I indulged in of "Stout;"
R was the Rubbish I had to sit out;
S was the Scent Rimmel put on the bill;
T was the Time when the play would not kill;
U was the Uproar I heard at the close;
V was the Voice that was first to oppose;
W the Wit, which grew less by degrees;
X were the Xtras extorted as fees;
Y were the Yawns which on all sides extended;
Z was my Zest when the curtain descended. T.F.D.

AT THE RINK.

This young lady is really to be pitied. She is good and virtuous. She has been a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, and she would very much like to be a devoted wife. But we regret to say the chances are against her. The foundation of her trouble is her feet—and a very firm foundation they are. During the recent cold snap, the mercury for a sweet sixteen—that is a delicate way we have of telling the size of her foot—went up to the Rink to skate. The small boy was in attendance as she has secured to put on her skates drawn back in amazement as she lifts her foot. It may even be said that a shadow falls over his soul as he beholds that sole. The problem of putting a skate designed for a number-five shoe on a foot of such dimensions proves too much for him. He gives it up. And as there are no trucks in the establish ment, the young lady of sweet sixteen is forced to give up her contemplated amusement. Thus ever has it been with her. Every bright promise has been blasted by putting her foot in it. Although there is nothing poetical about the subject, these feet may properly be called spondees—that is, they are too long. [This will be explained upon application to the poetical editor, who himself is chronically pyrrhic—too short.]

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. LV.

ASTLEY'S, LONDON, THIRTY YEARS AGO.

The appended bill, besides advertising the unusual combination of sixteen clowns in one performance, contains the names of two disciples of Momus who were once favorites in this country—W. F. Wallett and Tom Barry. The former is still circusing in England. The latter is dead. So are W. D. Broadfoot and Edward Alexander Gomersal, the latter of whom, from his resemblance in make-up to Bonaparte, when he so frequently personated, was known as "Napoleon of Astley's." His descendants have appeared on the dramatic stage in this country. One of them died in this city about sixteen years ago. Cartor, who was also a favorite here, is likewise dead.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE,
Westminster-bridge Road.
Proprietor and manager, Mr. William Batty, Amphitheatre House, Bridge Road, Lambeth, Surrey. Licensed by the Lord High Chamberlain, and under the especial patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal.
FRIDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 9, 1846,
FAREWELL BENEFIT OF BARRY, THE CELEBRATED CLOWN,
previous to his departure for the United States.
FIRST AND ONLY NIGHT OF MR. CARTER,
the celebrated American lion king, who has in the most handsome manner proffered his valuable aid, and will appear this evening only with his mammoth horse.
Revival of Lord Byron's magnificent equestrian and dramatic spectacle of
MAZEPPA,
reproduced will all its original effects and grandeur for this occasion by MR. W. D. BROADFOOT. To give additional effect to the same, MR. GOMERSAL has kindly consented to appear for this evening in his original character of Abder Khan.
A GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN WALLETT AND BARRY,
the celebrated clowns.
In addition to other novelties, first and only appearance of
MONSIEUR WELLEN
with his admired and wonderful Russian dog Emilie, whose extraordinary performances at this theatre created such a sensation, and who has since had the honor of appearing before the Queen, Prince Albert, and Royal Family of Belgium.
Parting tribute of respect, and first appearance of
SIXTEEN BROTHER CLOWNS
in their varied performances and grotesque introductions; they will appear in a
NEW GRAND ENTREE, MOUNTED ON JERUSALEM PONIES,
led by Mr. Barry on Mr. Carter's mammoth horse.
To be preceded with commence at quarter to seven o'clock with Lord Byron's unequaled equestrian and dramatic spectacle, reproduced by Mr. W. D. Broadfoot with gorgeous and appropriate effects, costumes, and every accessory of splendor, of
MAZEPPA, OR THE WILD HORSE,
in which Mr. Batty's stud of beautiful horses and treble company of dramatic, equestrian and gymnastic artists will appear.

Abder Khan	Mr. Gomersal	Rudzoloff	Mr. Wallett
Mazeppa	Mr. Harwood	Olinska	Mrs. M. Brookes
Drolinsko	Mr. Barry	Other characters see full bills	

Succeeded by
MR. CARTER, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN LION KING,
with his mammoth horse.
Followed by
MR. SELIM BRIDGES' GRACEFUL PERFORMANCES ON THE TIGHT-ROPE,
introducing a
GREAT FIGHT between THE CELEBRATED CLOWNS BARRY AND WALLETT.
THE SPIRIT OF THE CIRCLE
will embody Mr Batty's equestrian productions with his beautiful trained steeds, fairy ponies, etc., introducing his original equestrian and gymnastic interlude, entitled
MONS. DUMOS, LE PETIT LEONARD,
THE GERMAN DEVIL RIDER, MR. T. BARRY,
LE PETIT DUMOS, MISS ISABELLE,
MR. R. SMITH, MR. SELIM BRIDGES,
MADAME DUMOS, MR. ANTOINE,
MR. LEONARD, MR. T. WALLETT.
The entertainments will conclude with (for this night only) the celebrated drama, adapted from the French, entitled
THE DOG OF THE PYRENEES.
MONS. WELLEN will appear with his sagacious dog "Emilie" in his extraordinary feats.
Box office open daily from 11 till 5. No remuneration to place-keepers required. Box-keeper, Mr. C Honner.
Admission—Stalls,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 16.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, Mrs. Geo.
Armond, Arsena
Adams, Emma
Blande, Edith (2)
Burdeau, Jane (equestrienne)
Beaumont, Stella
Bateman, Alice
Bretto, Emma
Beane, Annie
Beamont, Nellie (3)
Bartello, Carrie
Boshell, Louise 10c.
Beaumont, Miss (New Z. p.o. mark)
Beaner, Kate (O'Neal)
Barrett, Lizzie
Clark, Lo-lia (of S. Irwin & Co.)
Clyde, Minnie
Clifton, Minnie
Crayton, Gussie
Carey, Lou (of Carry Sisters)
Clifton, Blanche
Collins, Mrs. Kate (of Carner's Co.)
Clifford, Ada (2)
Chapman, Ellen
Carleton, Lizzie (of Boston)
De Peron, Mrs Katie
De Fuy, Esther
Delange, Minnie (2)
Daniels, Ivy E.
Durgin, Belle (of Alleghanians)
De Stellini, Alice (3)
Delano, Fannie
Edwards, Mrs. Geo.
Forrester, Bruce
Franklin, J. Wynn
Friere, A. W. (2)
Field, Al (with Hus heal Welch)
Faustine, M.
Fisher, A.
Frost, Hyatt
Forbes, Chas.
Forepaugh, John
Forepaugh, Adam
Grant, J. P. (dancer)
Gill, Wm.
Garland, Geo. S.
Green, J. (of Ham. Green & Taylor) 6c.
Graves, C. L.
Girard, Walla
Gerson, E.
Gaffney, Andy
Goodyear, Chas.
Griffith, W.
Guy, Sr., Geo. (4)
Gardiner, E. M (Agt. F. Mayo) (2)
Gerry, 2 S.
Gottfriold, E. M.
Givens, Frank
Hayden, Wm.
Horman, Geo. W.
Hall, Geo. A.
Hutchinson, Jas. L. (2)
Hawes, E. C.
Haley, Tom (slide-show "biz")
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hamilton, S.
Hodges, D. B.
Hunt, Harry J.
Hensinger, Curley
Harley, E. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Hunting, Wm.
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Hayes, Ben (of Galveston, Tex. (2) 9c.
Hunt, C. (of Wagner's Minst.) 6c.
Hunt, Chas. (of S. Irwin's Co.)
Hayden, R.
Hodges, D. B.
Hall, Geo. W.
Hughes, Ary
Hawley, Chas. F "biz" manager)
Hawley, D. R. (of Forepaugh's Circ.)
Henderson, W. (of Eagle Theatre)
Irving, T. H.
Ince, Jos.
Jones, T. Y.
Jerome, C. (late Jerome & Cameron)
Jackson, Jos. E.
Jones, C. A. (of "Old" J. Rob. Cir.)
Jones, Arnold 6c.
Jones, F.
Jones, Frank (of Black Hand Co.)
Jane, L. (of Barnum's Circus)
Jones, Robt. 6c.
Jones, Julian
Knight, Geo. S.
Kent, Frank
Kenyon, Prof. C. W.
Kendrick, F. M.
Keen, Jule
Klarud, Oscar
Kater, Harry (2)
Kimble, John R.
Leslie, Roy
Lester & Williams
Lingham, Mat. V.
Leavitt, M. H.
Leonzo & Ryan
Lester, H. (of Mable Pearl's Co.)
Long, T. B. (leader)
Leavitt, Harry
Loudon
Liston, Hudson
Lewis, W. J.
Lennox, Geo. H.
Lent, Sam.
Levantine, F.
Le Rue, Ed. (gymnast)
Lyle, W. E. (of Georgia Minst.)
Laine, J. H (agent)
Lawler, W. F. (3)
Lane, T. (of Redmond & Lane)
Lisle, R. (of Chandler's Minst.)
Levit, Harry
Morton, J. W. (late Morton, Ward & Morton)
Mauritius, Wm.
Morris, J. R.
Mack, P. (of Murphy & Mack)
Mackley, Fred.
McKay, Andy
Maguire, Frank
Millinger, Robert
Maeder, Fred
Murray, B. S.
Mulgan & Weaver
Murrow, Frank
Morton & Leavitt
McCarthy, C. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Maginley, Ben
Murphy, J. C.
McCall, D.
Marble, Ed. 15c.
Marsh, W. M.
Miller, Joaquin
Maffi, Jack
Mackey, David
Murphy, J. H. (of Dup. & Ben Min.)
Malone, J. F.
Mackin, John (dancer)
Maxwell, Tom (vocalist)
Macarte, Mad.
Marie
Mortimer, Estella
Mitchell, Maggie
Mara, Mrs. Clara
Mack, Mrs. Dick 9c.
Neosakaleta, Miss
Pendy, Mrs. John
Pearl, Mabie
Phillips, Amy
Paul, Eugenie
Pomeroy, Mrs Louise (2)
Parker Sisters
Peak, Fannie
Raymond, Kate
Raine, Nellie
Richmond, Lizzie
Ransom, Alice
Reynolds, Vic
Rae, Nellie. Clementine
Siddons, Mrs. Ida (2)
Sheelman, Rosa (of Shellman Sisters)
Sanborn, Ada
Salvotti, Mad.
Martie
Schott, Angie 5c.
Sanford, Kittie (song and dance)
Taylor, Marian
Turnour, Hepsey
Venus & Adonis (2)
Venn, Lizzie
Williams, Miss J. L.
Wallace-Villa, Agnes
Warris, Kate (vocalist)
Zatella, — (vocalist)
Zera, Mrs. Prof.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Andrew's Family of Swiss B. B.
Arlington, J. W.
Alexander, W. B.
Avery, Geo. F.
Armstrong & Lamont
Archer, Prof. Chas. 6c.
Austin, Chas.
Allison, C. W.
Austin, Ike (of Austin Bros.)
Atwood, Capt. J. B.
Abbott, Chas. (of Gonev. Roger's Co.)
Beasley, James
Bush, J.
Bradley, Geo. W.
Belknap, Will
Banks, Prof. D. C.
Barton, Genl. W. B.
Bangs, J. C.
Bowron, Geo. (with Reed Family)
Booth, L. (of Wagner's Minst.)
"Brass Band Director"
Blossom, Nat
Barlow, M. G. (2)
Bartley, Johnny
Baker, Mark
Blanche, Prof.
Brennan, R. A.
Brown, J. S. (Kendall's Co.) 2c.
Blanchett, C. E. (2)
Bemis, G. W.
Bastine, Gleaurice
Berger, Fred
Benedict, Lew
Bell, Frank (2)
Berger Family
Comb.
Bindley, Prof.
Bennett, Harry (comedian)
Bartholomew, W. H. (2)
Byron, O. Doud (2)
Benford, S.
Budworth & Cohan
Bryant, Neil (2)
Burnell, Maj.
Bryant, W. (of Bryant & Williams)
Carlton, Wm.
Cassidy, John
Carrin, James
Campbell, Frank (Dutch "biz")
Carson, Jr., Kit (2)
Coleman, J. (of Conners & Colem.)
Corvin, R. Hudegg, J.
Clark, D. W. (of Robinson's Min.)
Clark, Kit
Cook, D. P. (2)
Cole, W. W. (2)
Clifton, Frank (gymnast)
Clark, (with Wallace Sisters)
Carroll, R. M.
Cummings, Frank
Call, S. H.
Curtis, Alex. (musician)
Clifford, Frank
Collius, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Charles, Geo.
Cottrell, Chas (of Volke's Garden)
Carner, J. W.
Coakley, Joseph
Crispini, H.
Conant, A. F.
Cooke, Dewitt "Character Vocalist"
Carlton, Frank (minst. "biz")
Cronin, Tim
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Carroll, Billy (of Morris & Carroll)
Cooke, Jas (late Queen's Circus)
Cummings, J. E.
Cooper, Chas. (with Wallace Sisters)
Callender, H. W. B.
Clayton, Frank
Carter, C.
Dowling & Stephens
Dykeman, Ed.
Dobbins, Harry (dramatic "biz")
Dixon, T. B. (of Haverly's Co.) (2)
"Dramas" (4)
Decker, Nelson
Dashington Bros.
Drayton, Prof.
Durand, W. W. (2)
Dillon, John
Dockrill, R. H.
Daly, J. A.
Delehanty & Hengler
Daniels, Harry
Durie & Batcheller
Duffield, Harry S.
Dobson, F. B.
Delehanty & Heng-ler
Eddy, Clint.
Everett, Geo.
Emerson, E. G.
Fitzgerald, Dick 6c.
Fields, Frank (2)
Frost, Hyatt (2)
Filkins, Col. Robt. 5c.
Fox, J. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
French, S. S.
Franks, Tony (musician)
Foster, A. J. (of Rice's Circus)
Field, A. J. (of Rice's Circus)
Gardner, J. W. (2)
Gardner, Jos.
Gardner, E. M (Agt. F. Mayo) (2)
Gerry, 2 S.
Gottfriold, E. M.
Givens, Frank
Hayden, Wm.
Horman, Geo. W.
Hall, Geo. A.
Hutchinson, Jas. L. (2)
Hawes, E. C.
Haley, Tom (slide-show "biz")
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hamilton, S.
Hodges, D. B.
Hunt, Harry J.
Hensinger, Curley
Harley, E. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Hunting, Wm.
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Hayes, Ben (of Galveston, Tex. (2) 9c.
Hunt, C. (of Wagner's Minst.) 6c.
Hunt, Chas. (of S. Irwin's Co.)
Hayden, R.
Hodges, D. B.
Hall, Geo. W.
Hughes, Ary
Hawley, Chas. F "biz" manager)
Hawley, D. R. (of Forepaugh's Circ.)
Henderson, W. (of Eagle Theatre)
Irving, T. H.
Ince, Jos.
Jones, T. Y.
Jerome, C. (late Jerome & Cameron)
Jackson, Jos. E.
Jones, C. A. (of "Old" J. Rob. Cir.)
Jones, Arnold 6c.
Jones, F.
Jones, Frank (of Black Hand Co.)
Jane, L. (of Barnum's Circus)
Jones, Robt. 6c.
Jones, Julian
Knight, Geo. S.
Kent, Frank
Kenyon, Prof. C. W.
Kendrick, F. M.
Keen, Jule
Klarud, Oscar
Kater, Harry (2)
Kimble, John R.
Leslie, Roy
Lester & Williams
Lingham, Mat. V.
Leavitt, M. H.
Leonzo & Ryan
Lester, H. (of Mable Pearl's Co.)
Long, T. B. (leader)
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Loudon
Liston, Hudson
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Maguire, Frank
Millinger, Robert
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Mulgan & Weaver
Murrow, Frank
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Maginley, Ben
Murphy, J. C.
McCall, D.
Marble, Ed. 15c.
Marsh, W. M.
Miller, Joaquin
Maffi, Jack
Mackey, David
Murphy, J. H. (of Dup. & Ben Min.)
Malone, J. F.
Mackin, John (dancer)
Maxwell, Tom (vocalist)
McLean, Chas. (of Barnum's Circus)
Murphy, J. (of Murphy & Mack)
Manuton, A.
Newcombe, Bobby
Norton, John S.
Noyes, A. C.
Nixon, James
Norton, Nick (juggler)
Naunton, A. (of Yarmouth, Eng.)
Nortarup, C. (late Nickle, Robt.
Jones & Northrup)
O'Sicles, Fred
O'Brien, John
Orrin Bros.
Ogiesby, R. M.
Osmond, Harry (fire-king)
Patterson, John (cornet)
Pastor, Tony
Prindle, John
Parker, Harry (Dog Performer)
Pullman, Giles
Pritchard, Spencer
Parks, J. C. (of London Circus)
Pendy, John
Pike, Maurice
Quinn, Eddie
Queen, Montgomery
Robinson, Geo.
Rogers, Tim
Russell, H. (musician)
Robinson, Yankee
Ryan, Sam E.
Rivers, Luke
Robbins, Burr
Reynolds, Barney
Rice, Alex.
Rapier, John
Raymond, J. T.
Rinnuell Bros.
Robinson, Jos. C. (musician)
Rosenbaum, E. (manager)
Rodney, Pat
Rogers, Harry ("stone eater")
Rice, E. E. (of Rice's Comb.)
Raymond, F. F. (leader) (2)
Rogers, Geo. (of Cambridge, Eng.
Rodgers, Tim (song and dance)
Rutledge, J. F.
Shirman, John
Sullivan, A. O.
Stone, H. F.
Sargent, Jos. C. (of Stone's Co.)
Straight, Ned
Shepler, Harry
Stephens, J. Wesley
Stull, Henry
Strickland, Wm. H.
Sorlie, J. A.
Southard, Billie
Spriggs, Harry (2)
Seymour, O. S.
Steward, W. H.
Shire, Dennis
Sells Bros.
Saville, Stephen
Stanley, W. H. (vocalist) 5c.
Spaulding, W. (of Spaulding's B.B.)
Shepp, C. H.
Smith, Fred
Turner, John M. (banjoist) (2)
Trewolla, J. H.
Tobin, Harry C.
Tooley, Larry
Tierney, Jas. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Trinant, M. E.
Terschak, Herr 17c.
Treloar, Arthur (4) 19c.
Taylor, Jas. (of L. Urbert & Co.)
Traitel, David
Uffert, Frank (2)
Vere, Geo. W.
Vincent, C. F. (9)
Victorelli, Oscar
Wheeler, H. (of L. Benedict's Minst.)
Webber, H. A. (of Grover's Co.)
Withers, Ruben
White, Archie 10c.
Wing, Chas. A. (2)
Weaver, Ed.
Willard, Mr. (of Wood's, Brooklyn)
Wood, Geo.
Wilson, J. W. (song-and-dance)
Whitney, Ed. & Leon
Winnett, Thos.
Washburn, E. S.
Wilson, G. (of B. W. P. & W. Min.)
Washburn, Leon
Whitney, John (comedian)
Walton, W. J.
Whitney, Chas. (circus agent)
Walton, Frank
Wade, T. (of Boyd & Wade)
Wood & West
Wallace, Harry (man-fish)
Washburn, Leon
Washburn, F. W. 6c.
Walton, Harrison
Welch & Hughes' Minst., Manag.
Wingfield, John
Zera, Prof.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 11, '78.

This is Valentine week, a festive season for lovers and builders of sentimental poetry, and we hail its recurrence with feelings of the most sincere respect and veneration, for it never fails to bring to our sanctum the most fervent assurances of the high esteem in which we are held by our lady friends and admirers. On the occasion of Valentine's Day last year we received no fewer than seven hundred and thirty-three missives, couched in beautiful language, and ornamented with blue ribbons, red hearts, and other rare and costly works of art. In the privacy of our closet, we perused these love-tokens with an ardor which only those who love can know. With the exception of half an hour devoted to the perusal of a clam-pie and a bit of stewed tripe, the entire day was devoted to a selfish enjoyment of these precious favors of our angelic friends. We admit that there was a trifling discrepancy in the style of the various compositions, and, perhaps, a want of harmony and tone in the general ensemble; but, as an entirety, we had no cause of complaint. On the contrary, there was much to admire in the collection of poetic gems, several of the choicest ones being framed in walnut and hung up in our bedroom as souvenirs of the good-will and unselfish devotion of the writers. As mementoes, we transcribe a few of those which seemed to breathe words that burn and thoughts of which any unexacting man might well feel proud. The first to which we desire to draw your attention commenced something like this:

The waters of Lethe may flow on forever,
The dark-blue Danube shall cease, oh, never,
Ere my fond heart from thine shall sever—
My sweetest Valentine. ORLESTINE BROWN.

That is framed! You will acknowledge that there is much poetic beauty disclosed in those few short and pithy lines. If the stanza that follows is not so full of the divine love which illumines its predecessor, still there is a bitter-sweet tendency about it that should atone for any want of true feeling and "esthetic bliss:"

Let us fly where the barbecue rears its white head,
Where the translucent jim-jams hold sway;
Let us list to the whirl of the hedgehog's firm tread,
And hasten love's pilgrims away.
For thine, love, and mine, love, I pine, love—
Let us haste, love, most chaste, love, I'm thine, love.
MATTIE MOORE.

To be framed, or not to be, is a question not yet decided. There was another effort of the poetic muse which did not strike us as being quite up to the mark, in a literary point of view; neither is the true intent of the language so clear and succinct as we should wish it to be. There is a vagueness about it, an undefined dread of something hereafter, which speaks of a sad past and a sorrowful future. There may be something beneath the surface which we have not yet succeeded in fathoming:

When the love of youth was young, I met thee;
I met thee in the gloaming of the day;
But the past has taught me to forget thee—
I'll see thee now no more, "go thy way;"
For the heart I had trusted deceived me,
The tongue I thought true then dismayed me;
I listened, and still I believed thee,
Till I learned how my love had betrayed me—
When the light of Ace eyes shall cheer thee,
Then tremble! for I shall be near thee!
AN INJURED WIFE.

There is probably something wrong about it—the lady's mind has been wandering, as you might say, and in the fullness of her grief she has evidently mistaken the *real* author of her unhappiness, and ascribed undue acts to one whose whole life may be summed up in these words: "He loved not wisely, but too, well!" We have not yet framed this. And now we ask your undivided attention while we offer one of the most reecherche poems the mind of woman ever conceived. We have considered it worthy of a three-ply, trebleglit frame of the Renaissance style;

SWEET LOVE.

In the sunshine of thy love I'm ever basking,
By thine image on my knees I've bended low;
And for thy happiness I'm humbly asking
Angel spirits to guard thee from all woe.
O love! sweet love! caress'd there,
Lean thou thy head upon my loving heart—
Oppress there, O rest there,
Till daylight and darkness shall part!
MABEL.

Isn't it sweet? Every night, before embracing balmy sleep upon that couch where truth and virtue have their biding-place, we read over this just tribute three or four times, and we are always the happier for the reading. Here is, probably, another case of mistaken identity; for, man and boy, three thirty years, we never had the pleasure of the acquaintance of anyone bearing the name of Jane Prime:

IS THERE A HELL?
BY JANE PRIME.

O false deluder! there must be a hell for you,
Who breakest all hearts and tramples them deep in the dust;
I would'st see thee dried up in the hottest of flames,
Where, in the course of events, go thou must.
Till thy blistering tongue pleaded with me
I was loving, and gentle, and pure;
Thou hast left me degraded, polluted—
Yes, there's a hell for thee to endure.

This is all we can give of this warm poem—it is not framed as yet. As we said before, we hail the recurrence of this joyful occasion, when lovers mate, and Cupid's arrows are wafted on the tender tide of love's sweet dream.....The refuse and refloat of the big storm left their debasing reflex upon the managerial exchequer, sleighing and skating drawing away from the theatre many a habitue of the stalls, while uncertain walking and slippery places helped to reduce the attendance at those high-toned and high-priced houses where fashion and frivolity are supposed to rule. .....W. C. Coup got out of the Aquarium cold water just in time to get into hot water in Cincinnati, where they seem to have equal facilities for skinning hogs and skinning men. [This is not intended as sarcasticness, but as the means of getting in a little point which otherwise would be lost.—ED.] You will find particulars in another column, but Coup seems to have been damaged to the extent of *forty thousand dollars*, and the prosecutor Miles away! Forty thousand dollars! Oo-oo!..... For a long time we have been practicing as an acrobat, intending to come out as an amateur in a fair scene when "Hamlet" shall have failed of its own merits to interest the fastidious public; but last Monday night we had a terrible fright to find this grand dramatic temple may answer better as a dry-goods store than as a tragedy shop.....Mister Colonel Ingersoll must have a queer sort of taste, for a grown-up man. Not many nights ago he delivered a flaming lecture on "Hell," Saturday night last his subject was "Skulls," and it had not the slightest bearing upon the champion skulls in which Courtney, Harris, Scharff, Trickett, Hanlan and others take such a deep interest. The "Skulls" he alluded to were of the "Alas-poor-Yorick" order. Last night he called up "Ghosts."..... At Niblo's Garden, by a peep o' night, you can get a "Peep o' Day." We are the only ones who know this.....This isn't profane language, Mr. *Dam-pier*; this is girls, Lily and Rose, have been playing "*Hen's* Babies" at the Broadway Theatre. Religious papers will please copy, and charge, if any there be, to Young Men's Christian Association.....Wishing to get into Chickering Hall last Wednesday night, "Our Jim" conceived the brilliant idea of trampling indiscriminately on the heads of the girls, Lily and Rose, who

, Wheeling, W. Va., tock company from e under J. N. Gott- ing "Uncle Tom's ely packed. This on the morning of een rebuilt by the ding stands on the ets. Its esti- 26 feet long by 66 feet e on Twelfth street, t, 450; dress-circle, furnished with pat- is 30 by 60 feet, and F. Dardine of the interior is illumin- venty-two gas jets. er, E. F. Dardine is c-artist, Richardson ters, and Prof. Jos. Letter of Feb. 7. Uncle Tom's Cabin" oungstown, O., Feb. tanding, Pa., 7. Mc- re to open in Pitts- one week. by the Pittsburg n Wheeling, W. Va.,

Tom's Cabin" Com- Feb. 4, Frankford, York 8, Columbia 9. e been large. The s to reorganize, and on. Manager Jones blic-house in Philas- hands of a partner ent. in Milwaukee, Wis., Ont. haracter-actress and es her address in an-

lady, advertises that

d general business, ed. eb. 11, John T. Ray- ence a short tour of s announced to ap- N. Near is no longer -house as manager, having assumed the

Gow" COMBINATION, exas, the past week, aco 13, 14, Dallas 15, La., 19, 20, Little n, Tenn., 25, Clarks-

MPANY began a sea-

mber of the company on his starring tour. e in "The Soldier's is published in our

company are to per- nencing Feb. 18 in on, thence to Mem-

rooklyn, N. Y., there eb., April, May, and

BINATION presented at the Grand Opera- b. 5, 6, to reported Haverly's, Feb. 10, and are billed in afayette 13, Logans- o., 16, 17, Cincin- Columbus 22, 23, 24, ester, 27, Wheeling, March 1, Pittsburg 2, Nashville 7, 8, ..Aimee is book- Barrett March 4, 5, 6, n McCullough 26, 27, engaged for her spe- Tom's Cabin," in- and banjo solos. See

Washington, D. C., k by Mme. Modjeska, ns and members of Shea's Buffalo as version of that play. in the elaboration of undone so far as act- s deficient in pathos Mme. Modjeska ses Bray and Laura Lanagan and George al mention. Attend- appears in Baltimore s Comic Opera 11, "The Dancers." They ra-house the present Topsy and J. P. Smith

the Jubilee Singers, cle Tom, perform in 12, 13, Lancaster 14, lanyon 16, Medina 18, All communications

Celebrated Case," an rom the French, can- who address, eek of "Uncle Tom's e-street Theatre, Bal- o good business. A cing the fourth act ad a good olio, was ent of the faithful ly of the volunteers were Carrie Lavarnie, the e—Niles and Evans, ing's Fifth-regiment ball and Mlle. Rhea hundred and fifty dol- ved, and more is ex- out. "Uncle Tom's gton, D. C., and the Boston. Dockstader's arles Diamond, Rey- and Elder, Harry Bry- performers, open 11.... ord's Grand Opera- Tragedian." He was and the scenery ould be desired. This ur nights and at the David Garrick" and ght, "Dundreary," was large. Sothern , and the rest of the ht 18, Wilmington, , 21 to 26. Modjeska 11. Letter of Feb. 9. ouses at the Walnut- a, during the week John Brougham's ness," in which dual r usual alternating udience at the mat- et ever assembled at ton Brothers, while in the fair arena, on was so seriously l internally that he ring the rest of the is annual benefit on " and "The Carpen- Miss Minnie Hau- Lotta will appear 'Zip, or Point Lynde ective," with the ex- 16, when George nefit. "The Exiles"

ter second appearance t Theatre, Philadel- azle in "The School character in the able haracter as per- ed actress. She was Varrey, Eben Plymp- Padgett and Walter llen, Miss Lizzie Her- ey. "The School for ting the week's stu- dille's Folly Company ment here Feb. 11 in n the Wood." Oliver drama "Rebel to the

TRE, Philadelphia, an ne was made during oducing Murray and "Taking the Pledge," mic vocalism, Walter arie Lloyd, Hatch rde in ballads, Robert . B. Jackson, W. H. Miss Coral Leigh in nd Yankee Locke in drama, "Trumps, or ence." Reilly and ommence on Feb. 11. s performed at the iladelphia, last week, . The cast included . E. Sheridan, W. J. haw and W. Herbert, ses Lillie Glover, May l Little Ida Glenn, the earance here in the oducing as a character a new drama, "The uced Feb. 11, and will "Much Ado About It."

ERS have engaged that city for Easter ception.

ETTY RIGL, the well- Whitney of Philadel- that city on June 24, blic. Mr. Whitney is city. How any wo- ret that long is what

oduced by a juvenile usic, Philadelphia, on

EATRE, Philadelphia, w Hunt" constituted e past week. J. S. r De Boos being re- l approbation. Mrs. Chas. Walcot's place, s. Swandown, at the nd acquitted herself

omedian, will appear se, Philadelphia, for b. 18, in a new and ibernians," in which M. O'Reardon and

or in the play of that ction at the Adelphi ing the week ending s" will be produced rison, Laura Alberta st.

of "The Molly Ma- d of Hazleton," was at the Philadelphia ek, Jerry Cohan and an engagement. Ed- Miss Rose Lisle, com- 11 in "A Tale of Two

are billed to perform

om's Cabin" Troupe Columbia 9. ny are billed in Roch- e 12, Utica 13, Troy 14,

re informed, declined California. She will rtley Campbell's new

J. H. O'NEIL, who has been playing the character of Muldoon, the Irish servant, in "Our Bachelors," has handled the part so cleverly, giving it so decided a color of the "old sod," that he has won praise wherever he has performed it. A number of press extracts are published in another column.

DUFF'S "Antony and Cleopatra" Combination at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, Feb. 4, 5, 6 and matinee drew packed houses. A new Cæsar (E. Sommers) was installed here, and Bonfanti appeared in the ballet, instead of Betty Rigl. These changes, Miss Eytinge's acting, and the remainder of the cast generally were satisfactory. Local amateurs in "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," filled out the week to large business..... Judge Wallace of the United States Court issued at Utica, Feb. 5, a permanent injunction against James E. Waite and W. H. Brent, restraining them from producing their version of "The Danites." This was served on them 6 at a small country town, ten miles east of here. The proceedings became permanent by default of the defendants. .....Rice's "Evangeline" Combination appear 11, 12, 13 at the Academy. The house remains closed 14, and Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels appear 15, 16. McKee Rankin follows 19 with "The Danites," the date having been changed from the 4th. .....J. K. Emmet and company in "Fritz" at St. James' Hall 8, 9, including matinee, played to very large business. Stock support rather weak. Letter of Feb. 10.

GROVER'S "Our Boarding-house" Combination is to play in Providence, R. I., Feb. 11, 12, 13.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., under date of Feb 3, our correspondent wrote as follows:

"A Trip to the Moon" was withdrawn at the California Theatre Feb. 2, after a successful run of two weeks. Signor Edmondi proved a failure as stage-manager. A new engagement being for two weeks, after which he will proceed direct to New York. In the meantime, the Kiraly Troupe, comprising forty-eight people, will take "The Black Crook" through the interior of the State, returning to this theatre 18, to appear in "The Deluge." A season of five months at the Grand Opera-house terminated 2 with the presentation of "The Pour and Proud of the Great City," a drama by Chas. H. Morton. The season cannot be considered as having been financially very successful. Manager Kennedy has displayed an amount of liberality and con-cientious pride in his presentation of the legitimate beyond the recognition and patronage which he has received. His has been extremely unfortunate with some of his leading actors, people who have been receiving large salaries while possessing but moderate ability, and who have shown their duty and gratitude in this respect by openly laboring against the interests of the theatre and rising in a sort of theatrical mutiny. They certainly succeeded in their attempts, but they will, in all probability, never again be in a position to display their peculiar talents on the boards of a San Francisco theatre. The unexpected ending of the season was to get rid of these people. The theatre will remain closed for one week, when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be produced 9. E. F. Thorne, T. F. Egberts, Charles Stanley, Charles Hunt and Annie Buckley will not be members of the new company. "Sardanapalus" is in preparation.....Madame Renz's Female Minstrels are nightly crowding the Alcazar Theatre with delighted audiences. The performances are novel, pleasurable and entirely respectable. The general favorites are Ella Love, Louise Montarue, Mabel Santley, Viola Clifton, James Roche and James Mass.....On petition of Barton Hill, and by order of U. S. Circuit Court, "Baby" was prohibited from being performed at Emerson's Opera-house Jan. 28, none which time the theatre has been closed, and is now advertised to let until Feb. 25, when a "first-class Eastern company" is announced to appear. The Bella Union Theatre reopened as an opera bouffe troupe under the direction of Fred Lyster, in "La Fille de Madame Angot." Catherine Lewis, Hattie Moore, Marian Singer, Dora Viscina, Harry Gates, Marion Ellis, W. H. Sinnott and H. J. Brown will be the leading actors.....At the German Stadt Theatre "The Two Fast Fellows" will be produced for the benefit of Hans Schultz, Feb. 8. .....The new Chinese theatre, the Adelphi Theatre are Augustine Watrigant, Homer Lane and Thos. Fox, wrestlers; Gueron and Hayden, character actors. "The French Spy" is drawing crowded houses at the Bella Union Theatre, with Lulu Delmay in the leading roles .....Manager Thos. Maguire of Baldwin's Theatre left for New York Feb. 1.....Dr. Thorne Jr., Fanny Worrell and the New York Company performed "Les Danicheffs." "Led Astray," and "The Two Orphans" at the Metropolitan Theatre in Sacramento during the past week, for good business. Marcus R. Mayer, late theatrical manager, now burdened with the affairs of State, introduced the company to the great comedians of the land, in person and by letter, receiving many interesting mementoes of their visit in the shape of silver bricks, quartz specimens, etc. The company play at Virginia City, Nevada, next week.....The retention of Piper's Opera-house at Virginia City, Nevada, e Jan 28, "Shadows" was the bill, with Ellie Wilton as Lady Inez, supported by Mrs. Norton Bush, Georgie Woodthorpe, Katy Mayhew, Emery Edwards, Kay and Maeder. W. C. Crosby, J. H. Vinson (stage-manager), P. E. Sullivan, and Murry Woods. W. T. Porter is the scenic-artist. "London Assurance" and "Camille" were produced during the week.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON, MASS., up to Feb. 10 are thus epitomized by our correspondent:

J. L. Williamson and Miss Mackay have appeared during the past week at the Globe Theatre in "Struck Oil" and "The Chinese Question." Miss Moore made her Boston debut on Feb. 4, but Mr. Williamson has before been here, having appeared in conjunction with Charles Wyndham's Comedy Company at Selwyn's Theatre for a week, commencing June 13, 1870, playing Blanquet in "The Dancers." They were supported by the present combination. Both the drama and company have been frequently reviewed in THE CLIPPER. A large business was done throughout the week. "The Colleen Bawn," which was so successful on its revival three weeks ago, is to be reproduced, with Lillie Eldridge in place of Gussie Forrest, as Zoe, the remaining characters being mainly in the same hands as before. The Orleans Troubadours, composed of colored people, will furnish the choruses. The burlesque of "Robin Hood" announced as in rehearsal at the Howard Athenæum Gaiety Company are to appear 25.....The "Exiles," after a nine weeks' run, during which it received sixty-seven consecutive presentations, was withdrawn from the Boston Theatre after the performances of 9. It has been thus far the dramatic success of the season, and crowded houses to and from it. John McCullough has an engagement 11 in "Coriolanus." Edwin Booth March 11.....At the Boston Museum "A Celebrated Case" has drawn crowded houses during its second week. Mme. Modjeska opens 25. Georgia Fawcett Powell and wife (Miss Kate Girard) are to appear, ere long, in a new play..... Signor Eduardo Majeroni, who formed one of Bistori's support during her last tour of this country, is to appear in Boston during the current season, under the management of Signor D. De Vivo.....The performance of "Rip Van Winkle" for the benefit of the Theatre Fund Association will take place at the Globe Theatre on the afternoon of 18. A double quartet, composed of members of the Apollo Club, will sing the original music.....The Honorary Committee includes Governor Rice, Mayor Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hoar, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chener, Mrs. William Amory Jr., Mrs. James Lodge and Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger.....J. C. Williamson speaks in terms of praise of his professional friends, including his old manager, John McCullough, at the Bowdoin Square Theatre.....A pack of bloodhounds, belonging to Judge Coates of Baltimore, will appear in "The Octoroon" at the Globe Theatre..... Harry Lee Talbot has concluded her engagement at the Boston Theatre 9. She will appear in St. Louis 18 in "A Celebrated Case," afterwards in Chicago and Cincinnati for two weeks each, in the same play, returning to Boston to perfect arrangements for a starring tour in a new play written for her entitled "Love, Pride, and Devotion.....Sir Randal Roberts has succeeded his New England tour, returning to Boston next day. Light business was the cause. N. D. Jones of the Howard Athenæum was unable to perform his professional duties on Feb. 4, being taken ill with an accident, sprahing one of his knee-pans..... Manager L. R. Shewell goes to Philadelphia to superintend the production of "Rip Van Winkle" at the Walnut-street Theatre, and also to perform his original part of M. Schell.....Chas. Wilkinson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company appear in South Braintree 11, Taunton 12, Fall River 13, Newport 14, New Bedford 15, Middleboro 16, Plymouth 17, Hersby, N. C. Goodwin Jr. and their company appear in "Cruets" at Lowell, Mass., 11, Salem 12, Taunton 13, Gloucester 14, Worcester 15, Springfield 16.....Manager T. Raymond and company play in Bridgeport, Ct., 11, New Haven 12, Hartford 13, Springfield, Mass., 14, Northampton 15, Worcester 16, Portland, Me., 19, 20.....Texas Jack and troupe appear in Waterbury, Ct., 11, South Norwalk 12, Danbury 13.....John C. Cowper's company are announced to appear in Salisbury, N. C., 11, John's, 12, Charlotte 13, Spartanburg, S. C., 14, Greenville 15, Anderson 16, Abbeville 17, Augusta, Ga., 18, Atlanta, Ga., 19, Columbus, Ga., 20, Macon 21, Savannah 22, Charleston 23, Florence 24, Wilmington, N. C., 25, Goldsboro 26, Raleigh 27, Weldon 28, Petersburg, Va., March 1, Richmond 2, Norfolk 3, Portsmouth 4, Suffolk 5, Lynchburg 6, Danville 7, Greensboro 8, Salisbury 9, Statesville 10, Charlotte 11, Rock Hill 12, Chester 13, Columbia 14, Augusta, Ga., 15, Atlanta 16, Macon 17, Columbus 18, Montgomery, Ala., 19, Mobile 20, New Orleans 21, 22, 23, 24, Jackson, Miss., 25, Vicksburg 26, Memphis, Tenn., 27, 28, Nashville 29, 30, Louisville, Ky., April 1, 2, 3, Evansville, Ind., 4, Terre Haute 5, Indianapolis 6, 7, Cincinnati, O., 8, 9, 10, Dayton 11, Springfield 12, Columbus 13, 14, Zanesville 15, Wheeling, W. Va., 16, Pittsburg 17, 18, 19, Cleveland, O., 20, 21, Erie, Pa., 22, Buffalo, N. Y., 23, 24, Rochester 25, Syracuse 26, Utica 27, Albany 28, 29, Troy 30, May 1, Springfield, Mass., 2, Hartford, Ct., 3, 4, New Haven 5, Bridgeport 6, Waterbury 7, Meriden 8, Middletown 9, Norwich 10, New London 11, Stonington 12, Providence, R. 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Va., 4, Pittsburg 5, 6, 7, Cleveland, O., 8, 9, Erie, Pa., 10, Buffalo, N. Y., 11, Rochester 12, Syracuse 13, Utica 14, Albany 15, Troy 16, Springfield, Mass., 17, Hartford, Ct., 18, New Haven 19, Bridgeport 20, Waterbury 21, Meriden 22, Middletown 23, Norwich 24, New London 25, Stonington 26, Providence, R. I., 27, 28, Fall River, Mass., 29, 30, Newport 31, New Bedford Nov. 1, Taunton 2, Brockton 3, Lowell 4, Lawrence 5, Haverhill 6, Portland, Me., 7, Lewiston 8, Bangor 9, Augusta 10, Rockland 11, Belfast 12, Dover, N. H., 13, Concord 14, Manchester 15, Nashua 16, Lowell, Mass., 17, Worcester 18, Springfield 19, Holyoke 20, Northampton 21, Pittsfield 22, Albany, N. Y., 23, Troy 24, Saratoga 25, Utica 26, Syracuse 27, Auburn 28, Rochester 29, Buffalo 30, Dec. 1, Niagara Falls 2, Toronto, Can., 3, 4, Hamilton 5, London 6, Detroit 7, 8, 9, Chicago, Ill., 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, Milwaukee, Wis., 16, Madison 17, Janesville 18, Rockford, Ill., 19, Chicago 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, Peoria 26, Springfield 27, Jacksonville 28, Quincy 29, Keokuk, Ia., 30, Burlington 31, Davenport Jan. 1, 1879, Rock Island, Ill., 2, Galesburg 3, Peoria 4, Bloomington 5, Decatur 6, Terre Haute, Ind., 7, Indianapolis 8, 9, 10, Cincinnati, O., 11, 12, 13, 14, Columbus 15, 16, 17, Zanesville 18, Wheeling, W. Va., 19, Pittsburg 20, 21, 22, Cleveland, O., 23, 24, Erie, Pa., 25, Buffalo, N. Y., 26, Rochester 27, Syracuse 28, Utica 29, Albany 30, Feb. 1, Troy 2, Springfield, Mass., 3, Hartford, Ct., 4, New Haven 5, Bridgeport 6, Waterbury 7, Meriden 8, Middletown 9, Norwich 10, New London 11, Stonington 12, Providence, R. I., 13, 14, Fall River, Mass., 15, Newport 16, New Bedford 17, Taunton 18, Brockton 19, Lowell 20, Lawrence 21, Haverhill 22, Portland, Me., 23, 24, Lewiston 25, Bangor 26, Augusta 27, Rockland 28, Belfast March 1, Dover, N. H., 2, Concord 3, Manchester 4, Nashua 5, Lowell, Mass., 6, Worcester 7, Springfield 8, Holyoke 9, Northampton 10, Pittsfield 11, Albany, N. Y., 12, Troy 13, Saratoga 14, Utica 15, Syracuse 16, Auburn 17, Rochester 18, Buffalo 19, Niagara Falls 20, Toronto, Can., 21, 22, Hamilton 23, London 24, Detroit 25, 26, 27, Chicago, Ill., 28, 29, 30, 31, Milwaukee, Wis., April 1, Madison 2, Janesville 3, Rockford, Ill., 4, Chicago 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, Peoria 10, Springfield 11, Jacksonville 12, Quincy 13, Keokuk, Ia., 14, Burlington 15, Davenport 16, Rock Island, Ill., 17, Galesburg 18, Peoria 19, Bloomington 20, Decatur 21, Terre Haute, Ind., 22, Indianapolis 23, 24, 25, Cincinnati, O., 26, 27, 28, 29, Columbus 30, May 1, 2, Zanesville 3, Wheeling, W. Va., 4, Pittsburg 5, 6, 7, Cleveland, O., 8, 9, Erie, Pa., 10, Buffalo, N. Y., 11, Rochester 12, Syracuse 13, Utica 14, Albany 15, Troy 16, Springfield, Mass., 17, Hartford, Ct., 18, New Haven 19, Bridgeport 20, Waterbury 21, Meriden 22, Middletown 23, Norwich 24, New London 25, Stonington 26, Providence, R. I., 27, 28, Fall River, Mass., 29, 30, Newport 31, New Bedford June 1, Taunton 2, Brockton 3, Lowell 4, Lawrence 5, Haverhill 6, Portland, Me., 7, Lewiston 8, Bangor 9, Augusta 10, Rockland 11, Belfast 12, Dover, N. H., 13, Concord 14, Manchester 15, Nashua 16, Lowell, Mass., 17, Worcester 18, Springfield 19, Holyoke 20, Northampton 21, Pittsfield 22, Albany, N. Y., 23, Troy 24, Saratoga 25, Utica 26, Syracuse 27, Auburn 28, Rochester 29, Buffalo 30, July 1, Niagara Falls 2, Toronto, Can., 3, 4, Hamilton 5, London 6, Detroit 7, 8, 9, Chicago, Ill., 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, Milwaukee, Wis., 16, Madison 17, Janesville 18, Rockford, Ill., 19, Chicago 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, Peoria 26, Springfield 27, Jacksonville 28, Quincy 29, Keokuk, Ia., 30, Burlington 31, Davenport Aug. 1, Rock Island, Ill., 2, Galesburg 3, Peoria 4, Bloomington 5, Decatur 6, Terre Haute, Ind., 7, Indianapolis 8, 9, 10, Cincinnati, O., 11, 12, 13, 14, Columbus 15, 16, 17, Zanesville 18, Wheeling, W. Va., 19, Pittsburg 20, 21, 22, Cleveland, O., 23, 24, Erie, Pa., 25, Buffalo, N. Y., 26, Rochester 27, Syracuse 28, Utica 29, Albany 30, Sept. 1, Troy 2, Springfield, Mass., 3, Hartford, Ct., 4, New Haven 5, Bridgeport 6, Waterbury 7, Meriden 8, Middletown 9, Norwich 10, New London 11, Stonington 12, Providence, R. I., 13, 14, Fall River, Mass., 15, Newport 16, New Bedford 17, Taunton 18, Brockton 19, Lowell 20, Lawrence 21, Haverhill 22, Portland, Me., 23, 24, Lewiston 25, Bangor 26, Augusta 27, Rockland 28, Belfast 29, Dover, N. H., 30, Concord Oct. 1, Manchester 2, Nashua

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ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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Calendars.

Illustrations.
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THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.
THE CIRCUS BOY.
OCTOBER.
THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE.
CAPS FOR FOOLS AND A GAG FOR SCOLDS.
A SPORTING SCENE.
SHAKESPEARIAN MEDAL.
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CARRIE DUNCAN
(MONTAGUE)
AND HER SISTER,
SOPHIE DUNCAN,
who have recently "DOUBLED UP," and are now doing one of the most attractive vocal acts on the variety stage. In fact, the
DUNCAN SISTERS,
CARRIE AND SOPHIE,
created quite a FUROR in PHILADELPHIA, BROOKLYN and PITTSBURG, and on the occasion of their first appearance in the West, last week, they received a PERFECT OVATION, and the following endorsement from the

CINCINNATI NEWSPAPERS.

"At the Colisseum, Mr. Harry Montague, the motto and comic vocalist, has made a hit, and is drawing immensely. He and the Duncan Sisters are 'the cards' at the popular Colisseum this week, and they have quickly become popular favorites. They nightly receive half a dozen encores."—CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL, Feb. 6.

"A large audience was in attendance at the Colisseum last evening. The programme offered is one of the best of the season. Mr. Harry Montague made a big hit in his original songs, and the Duncan Sisters received five encores, and then the audience were not satisfied. They will be great favorites during their stay here. Little Sophie was presented last evening with an elegant cage, containing a canary bird, a gift of one of our most prominent citizens, whose modesty will not allow his name to be mentioned. The presentation speech was made by Mr. B. C. Hart, the stage-manager, and was neatly done."—CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, FEB. 5.

"Among the many attractive features at the Colisseum Harry Montague and the Duncan Sisters have at one step gone to the height of popular appreciation. Their first performance here was given there yesterday. Mr. Montague's specialty is comic singing, and his style is representative of the best and most pleasing of that class of entertainment. It is refined, but alive with laughable hits, and his budget of songs is as varied as his singing is capital. The Duncan Sisters are charming vocalists, and show the results of an artistic training. They made a great hit, and received four encores, something unprecedented even in variety theatres, where the admirers of one vocalist seek to outdo those of another. The admiration of the Duncans was universal, and placed them at the top notch of favoritism."—CINCINNATI TIMES, FEB. 4.

"STILL THEY COME."
Harry Montague's latest *scorcher*.
47-1t*

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WHEN
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are spoken of as follows by THE LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, DAILY CHRONICLE of Jan. 29, 1878: DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S GIGANTIC MINSTRELS.—Those who stayed away from the Opera-house last night missed a rich and rare treat of minstrelsy. The audience was very large for a wet and stormy evening, and composed of ladies and gentlemen who attested their appreciation of a really meritorious performance by frequent bursts of applause. The very full new programme was fresh, original, brilliant and sparkling from beginning to end. Another commendable feature of the entertainment is the total absence of coarse jests and ribald jokes, so suggestive of the average minstrel troupes. C. H Duprez is to the minstrel profession what P. T. Barnum is to the hippodrome, menagerie and circus. Call again, Mr. Duprez, with your Excelsior company. You will always be welcomed in Logansport with a rousing house. 47-3teow

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